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THE HUSBAND'S REQUEST.

Love me with a heart of love;
Every act of mine therein
Dipped in light must be;
When it seems to others sin,
Thou some edge shalt see
Shewing lovelier sheen inwove.

Bear me on a breast of faith;
Every arrow pain may shoot
Bringing bitter word,
From its snowy warmth uproot,
As it were unheard,
As it knew not what it saith.

Be my home-contented dove,
True and tried as honored gold;
Peace herself to me;
And when earth is changed and cold,
Like the fireside be—
Full of light, and warmth, and love.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROAN AND HIS RIDER.

It might well have surprised and shocked a stranger to have seen that cluster of village folks watching for so long the approaching doom of two of their fellow creatures, without making—with the exception of the attempt we have mentioned—a single effort to save them. Their inaction, however, really arose from their thorough knowledge of the fruitfulness of such efforts. It was not the first time, nor the second, nor the fiftieth that the sea had thus marked out for itself prey in that same bay hours before it actually seized it, quite as certain of its victims as though its waves were already rolling over them. Hundreds of years ago it was the same, when the guides were paid with Peter's pence by the old Priors of Mellor, and were prayed for during their perilous passage together with those entrusted to their guidance by the monks on Lily Isle, the ruins of whose oratory could yet be seen. An *Ave* and *Kyrie* had failed to save those who had delayed too long upon that treacherous waste, so good wishes availed not now. And they were all which could be given in the way of aid. It was very doubtful whether Richard Crawford could have saved himself by swimming even at the moment when it had been suggested to him. The strength of the tide of the sea was very great; "the furious river struggled hard and tossed its tawny mane," and firm footing there was none on either bank. It was this last fact which the stranger was slow to comprehend.

"Surely," he would say, "a good swimmer has only got to wait for the water to come up." But long before it could do so the victim found himself in something which was neither land nor water, and in which he could neither stand nor swim. Neither could boat nor horse get at him under such circumstances.

When the two cousins had first made towards the shore, they had to traverse only wet sand, which somewhat clogged their footsteps. Some patches of this were more watery than others, and through these, progress was more difficult. Presently the whole surface of the bay assumed this character, and then where the patches had been, appeared shallow stripes of water, as yet unconnected—superficially at least—with the sea. Through these they had to make their way, ankle-deep in sand, knee-deep in water. The bank upon which they now stood was higher than the surrounding space, and as I have said, had only suffered the first change, from sand to a sort of white mud. The people on shore were as perfectly aware of what these two had had to contend with, as though they had accompanied them in their useless flight; and they knew now, as well as Agnes knew, that their life was to be reckoned by minutes, and depended upon how rapid or how slow might be the advance of the Bore or tidal wave.

This wave which in winter or in storm was sometimes as tall as a man, was in summer very much less: but it never came up until the whole surface of the bay was under water, and all hope was, therefore, gone for them if found there.

It was to the menacing roar of this coming doom that both victims and spectators were now listening.

"It will be twenty minutes yet," said some among the latter; "Nay, not so long," said others: "The sooner the better, poor things," added one, to which many murmured a sorrowful assent.

All seemed to know how the sad mischance had occurred, and yet no one alluded to the man whose forgetfulness or more culpable neglect had caused the catastrophe. The reason of this was that William Millet, Stephen's only son, was among the crowd. His face was deadly pale, and twitched like one with the palsy. He would have given his life to have saved the victims of his father's folly, and, indeed, had almost done so, for it was he who had mounted the guide's horse, awhile ago, and strove to reach them. Every word that was spoken around him, notwithstanding the reticence above alluded to, went to his heart like a stab.

"How I wish we had brought them home in our cart," said one woman, who had been cackling upon the sands the preceding tide.

"Ay, or we in ours," returned another; "but there, how is one to know? Who could have thought——" and William knew, though his own eyes were fixed upon the cousins, that a glance from the speaker towards where he stood, concluded the sentence.

"The Lord will take Miss Agnes to himself, that's sure," said one in a solemn voice. "It is the poor folk who are to be pitied, rather than she, for they will miss her."

"Ay, that's true," murmured many voices.

"She will be in heaven in twenty-five minutes, or half an hour at farthest," continued the same speaker, with exactness—a good man, by trade a cobbler, but who, imagining himself to have the gift of preaching, was sometimes carried beyond his last.

"And the lad, too, I hope," returned a fresh-featured dame somewhat sharply. "Did you not see how he would not leave her when Dick called out to him to swim. That will be taken into the account I suppose."

"We have no warrant for that," resumed the cobbler, shaking his head.

"God will never be hard upon one so young and so bonny as you," rejoined the dame, with a certain emphasis about the words, implying that the cobbler was neither the one nor the other.

"I trust not," returned the other simply. "Let us all entreat of Him to be merciful to those who are about to fall into His hands."

If there had been time to reflect, not a few of those present would doubtless have hesitated to follow such a spiritual leader as the mender of material soles; but as he raised his voice in passionate pleading with the Almighty—using such texts of Holy Writ as seemed to him applicable to the circumstances—every man bared his head, and every voice joined audibly in the Amen that followed his supplication.

Never, perhaps, since the days of the Early Church, was any company gathered together by the seashore in act of worship more reverent and awe struck than was that little handful of fisher-folk in those brief moments; but while the last solemn word was being spoken, and its sound growing faint and far overhead, as though already upon its way to the Throne of Grace, the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard from the village street, and down the steep lane which led from it to the sea came a rider at full speed. His own height, as far as you might judge a man in the saddle, must have been considerably more than six feet, but the red roan which he bestrode was so large and powerful, that steed and rider together looked quite colossal; just as though a mounted statue had descended from its pedestal, as in the days of portents.

"Make way, make way," cried he; and as the obedient crowd parted to right and left, "A rope, a rope!" he added, then galloped right on to the white unctuous mud. So great and swift was the impetus with which he rode that he got beyond the place which the guide's horse had reached without much difficulty, or hindrance. Here, however, the roan began to stagger and slide, and then, as he sank fetlock deep, and further, into the impatient ooze, to flounder in a pitiful manner. Upon such unstable footing the weight of his rider was evidently too much for his powers. Ere, however, that thought could shape itself into words among the lookers on, the man leapt from his saddle, and while obliged to shift his own feet with the utmost rapidity to save them from a like fate, he drew the animal by main force out of the reluctant mud, and led him trembling with sweat and fear, to the brink of the sea. Now the river, although swollen by this time to a most formidable breadth, and running very swift and strong, had about this spot a bed comparatively firm, and which seldom shifted; so that what seemed to the superficial observer the most perilous part of the whole enterprise—namely, the passage of the river—was, in reality, the least difficult. Horse and man seemed to be equally well aware of the fact, and when the former felt the water up to his girths, he for the first time ceased to plunge and struggle, and even stood still for his master to remount him.

"Up stream, up stream," roared the guide with trumpet voice to the two unfortunates, who were watching the heroic efforts of their would-be rescuer with earnest eyes; "he cannot come straight across." And indeed, while he yet spoke, the current had taken man and horse, despite their weight and determination, many yards to the northward; and the two cousins hurried in that direction also, over the fast-dissolving ooze. If once the roan lost footing, himself and master would have been carried to a spot where the river ceased to be fordable, and where the banks were even of a less trustworthy nature than those between which they now were; and, but that his heavy rider kept him down, this would have assuredly happened. With such a weight upon him it seemed easier to the poor animal to walk than to swim; his vast strong back was totally submerged, and only the saddle visible; but his head showed grandly above the stream, the fine eyes eager for the opposite bank, and the red nostrils pouring their full tide of life in throbs like those of a steam-engine. But for that head the rider himself, half hidden by the tawny waves, might have been taken for a centaur. He looked like one quite as ready to destroy men's lives, if that should be necessary, as to save them; to snatch a beauty for himself from a Lapithean husband, as to preserve her from the ancient ravisher Death! He was by no means a very young man; but if he had passed the prime of life, he was still in its vigor, and that vigor was something Herculean. His hat had fallen during the late struggle with his horse, and the short brown curls that fringed his ample forehead showed here and there but scantily, although they had no tinge of gray. His large brown eyes, although fixed steadfastly enough upon the point he hoped to reach, exhibited little anxiety, and certainly no fear. Their expression, although far from cold, was cynical, and the firm lips, pressed tightly together as they now were, yet spoke of recklessness if not of scorn. The gallant roan, as he neared the wished-for shore, drew gradually out of water, until his girths scarce touched the stream; but his rider made no attempt to force him to climb the bank.

"Be ready," shouted he to those who awaited him; then leaving the saddle, he hastily motioned to Agnes to take the vacated seat. "No, no!" cried he, as she was about to put her foot into the stirrup-leather, "you must trust to me to hold you on," and he passed his huge arm round her dainty waist. "Hold fast by the other stirrup," said he to Richard, "and stand against the stream all you can." Then, leading his horse close under the bank to southward, so far as he judged safe in order to allow for shifting, he turned his head to land. A shout of admiration had burst forth from those on shore when he had succeeded in crossing the sea; but every voice was hushed as the horse with its fair burthen, and the two men on either side her saddle, began the return passage. Nothing was heard save the labored breathing of the roan and the increasing roar of the ocean, enraged, as it seemed, at this attempt to deprive it of its lawful prey. Richard, who was upon the side next the sea, had trouble enough to keep his footing; but the stranger had allotted to himself a far more difficult task; his huge form leant against the horse with all its strength, and so strove to neutralize the rush of the tide, which was bearing them all to northward.

"God bless you, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, once, and then was silent.

The strong man bowed gravely and smiled—though his air was not so confident as when he had made the passage alone—but answered nothing. Indeed, he had no breath to spare. Clogged with his wet clothing, pushing through sand and water, and fighting against the weight of his two companions and the roan, as well as against the stream, his task was arduous enough, even for one of his enormous strength. The water deepened with every step, and the force of the current increased.

"Not so fast," cried Richard, staggering in vain to keep his feet.

"Faster, or you are a dead man," was the stern response.

They were at the very worst by that time and in the centre of the flood. Richard almost neck deep; the horse still feeling ground, but with his very nostrils in the water; Agnes deadly pale, but bearing herself as resolute and quiet as though she were Undine herself. The great shoulders of John Carlyon still showed above the tawny waves. They had passed the centre, and were getting into shallower water. The breathing of the horse was, however, growing very labored and painful.

"He will never climb the bank," said Agnes, calmly.

"I know it," returned the other; "but I shall save you, do not fear."

His eyes fell once upon her grave and glorious beauty, then turned anxiously to the southward. The roaring of the sea was growing very near. As they reached the bank, and before the roan could lift his fore-feet, and so place the barrier of his neck and shoulders between his burthen and the shore, John Carlyon's arm swept Agnes from the saddle and drew her up the bank. The poor roan, the bulk of his protector thus withdrawn, uttering a terrible snort of fear and anguish, was instantly whirled away. Agnes had stretched out her hand and caught her cousin by the collar of his coat, or he would assuredly have shared the same fate. As it was, the three together struggled on through the water, for all was water now. It was then, for the first time, that Agnes uttered a stifled cry of horror. The tidal wave was coming; within ten feet of them it reared its creaming crest. Carlyon saw it too, and stretched out one giant arm as though for help. As he did so something struck him sharply in the face, and his fingers closed upon a rope, thrown at him lasso-wise by some one on the land. The next moment all three were under water, with a noise in their ears like the roar of a broadside from a three decker. But the line was being pulled taut, though not too sharply; and presently the three were dragged on shore in a tangled mass, like some great waif from a wreck.

The first to rise was Richard Crawford. He pushed his wet hair back with both his hands, and gazed vacantly at the other two, round whom the crowd was standing, although at some little distance, for they knew better, from long experience of like mischances, than to throng close about folks in such a plight, who need air above all things, and to whom at first all help is an incumbrance.

As consciousness returned, Richard's brow began to knit, and he strove feebly to unclasp the arm that still encircled his cousin's waist.

But the powerful muscles mechanically retained their hold.

Presently Agnes opened her large eyes and gazed wonderingly about her; the color rushed to her white cheeks, and her hand, too, sought to release itself from that which held her. At the touch of her cold fingers those of her preserver began at once to relax their grasp; but the next instant, catching sight of the ghastly face beside her, she desisted.

"He is dying," cried she; "fetch the doctor. Fetch Mr. Carstairs. Quick, quick!" and taking one great palm between her small hands she strove to recall it in the warmth that seemed to have fled for ever. Truly it seemed strange enough that this strong man, to whose Herculean force the pair were indebted for their safety, should be the last of the three to recover from the late shock. The fine face was pale as marble, except for a certain blue tint about the temples; the eyes between their half shut lids expressionless and dim; the limbs rigid; and the still curved left arm lying motionless beside him, which had so lately borne her from death to life. He did not want for tendance: other hands were chafing his wrists, and had unloosed his neckcloth, and propped his stately head; but she knelt by him still, consciously adjuring them to fetch the doctor. At last he came; a middle-aged, intelligent man, with a quick step and voice.

"Bring blankets," cried he, sharply. Then poured the contents of a phial into the unresisting mouth.

"Is he drowned?" asked the young girl, in an agonized whisper.

"No, ma'am, no, it is not that," returned he, hastily, but with an anxious look. "Here, William, you and three more take Mr. Carlyon to my house. Gently, gently; keep his head up. No, my dear Miss Agnes," said he, firmly, as the girl strove to accompany the party, still clinging to the hand that hung down cold and lifeless, "your presence will be worse than useless. Go home at once, and you, Mr. Richard, too"—for the young man had constituted himself one of the bearers of the inanimate body—"unless, that is, you wish me to have three patients to attend to instead of one. Stop!" The white set lips of John Carlyon began to twitch a little, and Mr. Carstairs bent down to listen. "Yes, Miss Agnes is safe, sir; don't disturb yourself, I beg. It was William Millet who threw the rope. There, I will answer no more questions; move on, men."

"He has spoken, he will live, then," exclaimed Agnes, joyfully. "Oh, tell me, we have not caused his death?"

"No, ma'am, you have not caused it. That is—what nonsense I am talking. You should never bother a medical man, Miss Agnes," said Mr. Carstairs, testily, "during his professional duties. Go home and get to bed. You are as wet as a mermaid. I will bring you word of Mr. Carlyon to-night."

"This Carlyon is a fine fellow, whoever he is," observed Richard Crawford, as the two cousins walked swiftly homeward by the side of the bay that had so nearly proved their grave; "but who *is* he?"

"He is the owner of Woodlees, the estate that lies between us and the earl's."

"A rich man, I suppose, then. Is he a married man, or a widower?"

"He has never been married, I believe," said Agnes, changing color in spite of all her efforts to prevent it.

"Oh, yes, I remember now," observed Richard, dryly. "He lives rather a queer life, don't he?"

Agnes threw at him a glance of reproach, almost of resentment.

"He has just saved our lives," said she.

"Yes, true; he is a fine fellow, as I said, whatever he is. I shall certainly make a point of calling upon him to thank him in person on behalf of us both. Carlyon—what an odd name. It's scarcely English."

"It was once French. The old family name, they say, was Coeur-de-Lion," answered Agnes, coldly: "nor can it be denied that its present inheritor worthily bears the title. He has shown himself a lion-hearted man to-day."

CHAPTER IV.

A TERRIBLE TURK.

"Well, doctor, you are not going to send for Puce, are you?" was the inquiry addressed by John Carlyon, as he lay upon the horse-hair sofa in Mr. Carstairs' unbecoming little parlor. The two men were alone; those who had carried the patient to the doctor's house having departed, well pleased enough to see the large blue eyes of Squire John gaze upon them once more in their old kindly fashion. "It is not time to think about the Rev. Mr. Puce yet, is it?"

"No," returned the doctor, gravely; "it is not necessary to think about Puce, Mr. John; but it is always worth a man's while to think about God."

Mr. Carlyon turned his yet pale face very sharply round upon the speaker. But Mr. Carstairs was gazing through the wire blind upon the dusty village street, and he could gather nothing from the expression of his shoulders.

"My good friend, you are rather like Puce yourself in one thing," resumed the patient, dropping his eyelids, partly from weariness—for he was still very weak—and partly because it was his wont so to do when indulging in sarcasm; "although his trade is to cure souls, he dearly loves to recommend all sorts of patent medicines, which he protests have done him good; so much so, that I sometimes think he is a paid agent of Parr or Holloway; and you, in the same way, and perhaps in retaliation for his conduct, I have observed to take your opportunities of dropping in a word or two of religion."

"It is not so altogether unreasonable, Mr. Carlyon, as you seem to imagine; if I had made an investment which produced a very tolerable percentage even now, and which promised to pay a thousand-fold at some future time, is it not natural that I should give a hint to my friends that they also might lay out their money to so great an advantage?"

"Very good, doctor. It is extraordinary with what a gift of imagery the professor of religion seems to endow its advocates. They take up their parable at the shortest possible notice, just as a mere infidel might pick up a stone. There is Puce, for instance, who when pushed by simple folk like me, will envelope himself in a mist of metaphor, like any cuttle fish, and so escape. When a man becomes a parson it really seems as if he could no longer speak straight. His words begin to wheel about the subject supposed to be next his heart, "like doves about a dove-cot," but never alight upon it. He studies to say the least he can in the most words."

"I don't think you are much worried by sermons, Mr. Carlyon," returned the other, dryly.

"Well, it is true, I don't give Puce much opportunity for punishing me in that way. But I heard him preach only last Sunday."

"You were not at church, were you?" ejaculated the other, turning a face of great amazement upon his patient.

"Not in church, but I was just outside, so that not a single trope was lost upon me. Bevild and I were wandering about in the sunshine, and while he cropped a little church-yard grass, I thought I would get some spiritual provender for myself. We were quite alone out there, for the earl was at church—he never fails to go one a year, you know, and not a soul (worth saving, that is) in all the parish but was there. Not only a great muster of carriage people and gentility, but all the fine-wooled sheep from the cobbler's fold. You may talk of the dangers of dissent, but if they get to be serious you have only to ordain half a hundred of the junior nobility and send them into the disaffected districts, and not a female saint but will return to her allegiance forthwith. The attention of the congregation—nobody thought of looking at me when I peeped in—seemed to be about equally divided between Heaven and his lordship; but that of Puce, I will do him the justice to say, was entirely concentrated upon the crimson pew. "Now," thought I, "here is our reverend friend's opportunity for saying a word in season. He has this chance but once in twelve months, and surely he will not fail to take advantage of it. There will be something in the discourse for his lordship's particular ear (as, indeed, there was, although scarcely of an edifying kind,) or else he is even a more pitiful sneak than I take him for." I confess I was curious to hear the elegant periphrasis by which he would delicately refer to the existence of Mademoiselle Debonnaire, the latest acquisition to our respectable neighborhood, and whom I had just met, with two of his lordship's grooms sitting behind her, driving a pair of the prettiest little cream-colored ponies in the world. An allusion to this particular weakness, if not to the object of it, might surely have been hazarded, considering the very advanced age of the noble sinner, and the extreme probability that Puce would never catch him at church again. And yet what do you think that sermon was about? From first to last it was a denunciation of the unpardonable crime of poaching. The snare of the wicked one was represented in the literal form of a wire and horse-hair springe; his net was a partridge net; and the human agent he found most ready to his hand was an unlicensed game dealer."

"The feet of Puce happening to be a mean fellow—which I grant very readily," observed Mr. Carstairs, cheerfully, "does not invalidate the claims of religion. Of course it is very sad that a clergyman should pander to his patron in the manner you describe, and I have no doubt truly, for I heard that his lordship congratulated him on his discourse. But the man is not aware of his own degradation. Many persons who fill our pulpits are quite ignorant of the true nature and beauty of the thing which is unhappily their lot to preach. You might as well expect to find in an organ-grinder, nay, in the monkey whose mission it is to sit upon the organ, an appreciation of Mozart."

"It appears to me, doctor," observed Mr. Carlyon, slyly, "that that last remark reflects upon the church as well as the parson. You don't think much of hurdy-gurdies, I suppose?"

"I think a good deal of Mozart," answered the other, coldly. "Man's attempts to express his religious sentiments may fall very short of what he feels; his apparatus of worship may be exceedingly incomplete; but to deny the necessity for an operation merely because our means

are inadequate for perfect success, seems to me illogical; and, if you will forgive me, rather ungenerous."

Now, don't get angry, my dear doctor," observed Mr. Carlyon, laughing; "*I* have no objection to the monkey and the organ, I do assure you. I even pay them what is customary without a murmur, although they are far from pleasing to me. I am not like the cobbler who is always refusing to pay his church-rates."

"No; nobody accuses you of being a hypocrite, Mr. Carlyon," returned the doctor, not unwilling to exchange argument for agreement, even if only upon the demerits of a ranter. "That Job Salver is certainly a most offensive humbug. I understand the fellow was singing a psalm tune on the shore yonder, within hearing of that poor girl and boy, instead of stirring a finger to help them. Both would have solved the problem long ere this which you and I have often so vainly contended about, had their safety depended upon that whining charlatan, who ventures to oppose himself to all authority, speaking evil of dignities and things that he understands not."

"And yet," said Mr. Carlyon, thoughtfully, "it is very curious—but the singing of that very hymn did, in point of fact, save those two lives. Red Berlid and I were going slowly home, and had even reached the cross-roads, when the sound of the psalm-singing reached us; whereupon, instead of riding down the hill to the Hall, I cantered up the rise to see what they were making such a noise about. Then, thanks to poor Berlid, who did the half mile in about a minute, we got down just in time. It was a precious narrow thing even then; and if it had not been for William Mulet and the rope, we should all have been in kingdom come by this time—that is, if your views are correct. If otherwise, we should have been as the jockeys say, 'nowhere'—out of the human race altogether."

"And the thought of that gave you no uneasiness, Mr. Carlyon, eh?" inquired the other, sharply, and regarding his patient with great earnestness.

"I did not think about it, doctor, for there was no time for thought, but only for action. If I had been quite certain that I was going to my death, I don't quite know how I should have felt. All change is disagreeable to a man who has reached my time of life; if you were to tell me, 'You will die in an hour from this time exactly,'—as in certain cases you doctors are acquainted with—it would 'give me a turn.' If I know myself, however, I should certainly entertain no fear. There is nothing terrible to me in the idea of annihilation."

"What? to lie in cold obstruction and to rot?"

"In other words, to go to sleep and not to wake again, my good doctor. What is there objectionable in that? That is one of the ideas which it is conventionally agreed upon among religious people to shudder at. I am very much mistaken, however, if nine-tenths of the good folks, who express themselves so strongly upon this subject, would not gladly welcome extinction rather than run the risk of a much worse thing."

"What! would men be content to die like dogs!" exclaimed Mr. Carstairs.

"Ay; and most of them would think themselves lucky in so doing. I am as certain of that as that I am lying upon this sofa. Many who are not absolutely terror-stricken, are conscious that they have been more fortunate in this world than they deserve; and are afraid of matters being righted in the other to their own disadvantage. A few, such as my lord up at the park yonder, justly conclude (with some character in one of Bulwer's novels, I forget whom or which,) that it is doubtful whether, in any other state of life, they can possibly be so well off as they have been in this. For my own part I sympathize with none of these people; but I have not found life so pleasant as not to have got over my first love for her. It is only the young who are in reality enamored: for though the old cling to her oftentimes with impotent desire, it is not because they love her, but because they fear the shadow that is beckoning them away. As for myself, I have said I have no fear, and what loss can death inflict upon me? You and I are very good friends, doctor; but we can endure to part from one another though it even should be for ever. Observe, for yourself, how absence cools the friendship of the very best of friends; the materials of it being generally far from lasting. Love, indeed, is said to be 'for evermore;' but I am not in a position to offer an opinion on that delicate matter; and as for the ties of blood, I am sure I could bear to part from my only sister, Margaret, with equanimity; and I rather fancy that both she and nephew George would suffer such a calamity with equal resignation, provided they got Wealthee."

"Mrs. Newman does not behave to you in a very sisterly manner, I must own," said the doctor, grimly; "but there is one excuse to be made for her; she is a bilious subject. Without revealing matters that should be sacred, I can assure you, as her medical attendant, that she has a great deal of bile."

"Has she?" returned the other, shrugging his shoulders. "I thought it was religion: the symptoms of both are often much alike to the unlearned."

"My dear Mr. Carlyon," said the doctor, earnestly, "I am no bigot; I don't print texts round the wrappers of my physic bottles as some do."

"What moderation!" exclaimed the other.

"But, I do confess," continued Mr. Carstairs, without heeding the interruption; "that nothing annoys me more than those ill-natured carpings against what is to me, a great truth. From your lips they are especially obnoxious. Here is a man who has just risked his life—nay more, put it in the most eminent peril—to save two helpless fellow-creatures deserted by all other human aid—"

"Tut, my friend, you make too much of a small matter," interposed the other, with an air of some annoyance; "and besides, you know," he added gayly, "I have no right to any credit; it was not even a good action in your eyes."

"It was not?" said Mr. Carstairs.

"No!" replied the other, bitterly. "What, have you served the office of churchwarden, and yet not learnt that works done by unbelieving wretches (like me, my dear sir,) lack grace of congruity, and even have the nature of sin? It would have been wrong for me not to have assisted those two poor tidebound fellow-creatures, and it was also wrong for me to do so. Hit high, hit low, we can never please you theological gentry."

The speaker's face was very stern and pale, and his voice shook with passion.

"I do not deny," he continued, "that there are worse churches than the Church of England. There is one that says 'For the manifestation of the glory of our Creator, some men are foreordained unto everlasting death;' and yet they say the nation that invented *that* dogma has no sense of humor. Well, sir, *your* Church is only a little less barbarous than this."

"John Carlyon, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," returned the doctor, walking swiftly towards the couch. "To say such words within sight of yonder church, where your poor father is lying in his grave, is shameful. You should have respect for his memory, if for nothing else. What an example of faith, of piety, of goodness, was thrown away upon you in that excellent man's life; how you disgrace his teaching; how you insult—"

"That will do, sir," said Carlyon, coldly, raising himself with difficulty from the sofa; "I congratulate you upon having discovered a method for shutting my mouth. I can walk alone, sir, thank you, very well."

So saying he seized his hat and staggered to the door. His countenance wore the same leaden hue as when he lay upon the beach, an hour or so ago, just rescued from the sea, but it had not the same vacant expression. He looked angry, and pained, but also something more and worse. If it had been possible in a man of such calibre—both mental and bodily—as John Carlyon, one would have said that he looked panic-stricken.

"I am sorry," began the doctor, pleadingly: "it was cruel and unfair, I own."

But holding up one hand as though to deprecate all further talk, Carlyon groped about the door with the other, and presently getting it open, felt his way along the passage like a blind man, and so into the street, and took his way towards home.

"I am a beast," exclaimed Mr. Carstairs, self-reproachfully, standing in his little porch and watching his departing patient move slowly and painfully away. "And the beast which I am is an ass. I have done him more harm than good in every way. Matters could scarcely have been worse, had I told him the truth at once, although he did say it would have 'given him a turn,' and yet how could I have known that the mention of his father would have put him into such a state! it was a mercy he did not drop down dead at my very door. Such a gallant, honest fellow, too! He will be a loss to the world, although, maybe, the world, as he says, will be no loss to him: but as for you, Robert Augustus Carstairs, F.R.C.S., and late overseer of this parish, when *your* turn comes to be grassed over, you will be a loss to nobody, being an ass."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Courtesy in Debate.

A foreign correspondent of the New York Independent, who recently visited the British Parliament, strikingly contrasts the courtesy of political opponents in that body with the personalities which are so common in American Legislatures. The moment a member rises to address the House of Commons, he seems possessed by the most refined and gentlemanly consideration for others. In speaking of antagonists, he carefully guards against the slightest imputation of dishonorable motive; or if, in the heat of debate, a word of oblique significance slips from his tongue, he hastens to withdraw it, and to express his regret; nay, even in his sarcasms and home-thrusts, he is careful to mention something to the credit of the very foeman he is about to scathe. Such a thing as hurling abusive epithets, giving the lie, and, above all, threatening personal violence—practices so common as scarcely to create a sensation, in our American Legislatures—would not be tolerated in the House of Commons for the fraction of a second. Great as was the ascendancy of Lord Palmerston in that body, it never enabled him to lord it over his fellow-Commoners so far as to be uncivil to the least popular member of the House. When on one occasion he trespassed so far as to say impatiently of the not over-popular Joseph Hume, "If the honorable gentleman's understanding is obtuse, it is not my fault," he was instantly brought to his senses by the reproachful murmurs of the House, and was reminded that even Lord Palmerston must respect the fine code of legislative chivalry established there.

It has been well said that an exceedingly small amount of intellectual power is sufficient to produce a very creditable effect, if it be fired by the gunpowder of a little anger. A secret consciousness of all this has, no doubt, led many a speaker to open the flood-gates of his wrath; still, the true orator will always be ready to sacrifice himself and his reputation for eloquence, to gain his end; and he should, therefore, never forget that *to conciliate* is one of the chief arts and ends of debate.

The authority of intellect is hard enough to be maintained even with the utmost winningness of manner and the blandishments of rhetoric. Unlike personal majesty, or the soul-subduing fascination of beauty, which are palpable to the eye, it is an authority founded on *opinion*—on the opinion of associates; it is an ideal supremacy, which men readily deny when they choose, and always acknowledge with reluctance. A haughty, supercilious speaker on a legislative floor, who constantly assumes an air and an attitude of defiance and menace, and who vents on his opponents and their opinions a deluge of angry invectives, is a positive injury to his constituents. Real intellectual blows, logical hard-hitting, the stern cut and thrust of mind, none will object to; but the effect of these on a high-minded opponent is very different from that of scorn or ridicule. When a man is smarting under the stings of a merciless sarcasm, his mind is as impassive to reason as if he were drunk or mad. For the sake of their own reputation, therefore, as convincing debaters to say nothing of the interests they espouse, members of legislative bodies should beware that they do not rouse to obstinacy their associates, by violating the courtesy and well-bred observance which should mark the collision, not less than the friendly intercourse of cultivated and polished minds. We might add, if necessary, that the meanest insect has its sting, and that those who wantonly seek to wound their inferiors, whom they deem incapable of defending themselves, often, in the blindness of their insolence, tread on a scorpion instead of a worm, and receive a sting where they only anticipated the pleasure of seeing a victim writhe. It is said of Dr. Priestly, that in all his controversies, verbal or written, he never gave offence by an allusion nor a word; and we may add that Lord Castlereagh, who was once celebrated in the English Parliament, carried ten points by his good humor, courtesy, and personal influence, to every one he carried by his logic. H. N. G.

☞ A little wrong done to another is a great wrong done to ourselves.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "Lord Ulswater," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August contains the continuation of Holmes's story, "Hospital Memories," Dirge for a Sailor, &c. In the reviews, the editor does not show much regard for Mr. Ball's claim to be the author of "Rock Me to Sleep," and says of Mr. Morse's pamphlet, that "it appears to be written by the most impudent and the most absurd man in America."

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. The August number of this excellent periodical contains articles by Moses Coit Tyler, G. W. Bungay, H. Ward Beecher, Mrs. R. B. Gleason, &c. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York, at $3 a year.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, for August. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE, for August. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

A Visit to Newport.

DEAR POST:—It is all a mistake for people to imagine that because a place is celebrated and fashionable it cannot be comfortable as well. We find ourselves as delightfully situated, as well served and cared for, at our Newport hotel, as if we were at home. And really pay little more for it. It is a luxury to eat your beef and mutton without a thought of the appalling prices you paid per pound at the morning's marketing. It is a comfort to know that your cook cannot give you warning because the kitchen tea is not the quality she likes, or for some crime equally heinous on your part.

In fact it is a comfort to be rid of care, even if you have to pay for it at a rather astounding figure.

Many Philadelphia pleasure or health seekers go to Long Branch, Atlantic City or Cape May, because they imagine it inconvenient to get to Newport. In this they are mistaken, if they only knew it.

Of all torturous, tiresome ways, the way to Long Branch is the worst; from Philadelphia you must always lie over a night in New York, unless indeed you take the other roundabout way, which takes hours and patience besides.

And any one who has travelled through the desert sands of New Jersey knows well enough it is not a pleasant ride, and when they get to either Cape May or Atlantic, the sea is all the compensation they have. Now at Newport the sea is only a part of the attractions. No other place is so encompassed by lovely scenery, elegant residences, and delightful drives and walks. If you are not fond of the great heaving ocean who reins up his prancing steeds, white and foaming, upon the sparkling beach, you need never seek the golden sands, for the whole island is so teeming with beauties, that you can scarcely stir a foot inland but you discover them in myriad forms strewn every where, ready to fill every wish of the heart, every desire of the eye.

Perhaps no place is more easy of access than Newport. The difficulty lies in the almost impossibility of finding out how to get here. It seems as if the Boston, Newport and New York Steamboat Company were either so secure of passengers, or else so indifferent to them, that they do not think it worth advertising their facilities. We hunted a half dozen New York and Philadelphia papers before leaving home, ere we were able to discover how we were able to make our way to this choicest of spots. And now, for the benefit of all other summer travellers, we give our experience.

We came by the 8 o'clock line from Walnut street to New York. After this, we are always going to speak well of the Camden and Amboy 8 o'clock line, for it is swift, secure and pleasant—the cars are as elegant and comfortable as any we ever rode in anywhere. Arriving in Gotham at noon, we had time for some extra shopping, a lunch at Millard's of chocolate, cold chicken and *crême de Napoli*. Then taking a stage (for our baggage, except a small band box, was expressed by Howard's) we made our way to Pier 37 North River, and found the "Newport" ready to sail (steam we mean) in half an hour.

Now, why the B. N. and N. Y. Company have any delicacy about speaking publicly regarding their route, their place of starting, or all the other et ceteras, is beyond our discerning, for these boats are the most sumptuously gotten up, the most elegantly and commodiously appointed we ever stepped our foot upon, and they hide their light under a bushel much too modestly. Let us advise them henceforth to let Philadelphia and the Southwest know through the advertising columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST when and where they start from. However, other people, like ourselves, seem to have found them out somehow or other, since every berth and state-room seemed full to overflowing. And we were thankful that we wisely secured ours by telegraph.

Our light noon lunch may perhaps have had somewhat to do with the enjoyment we experienced at supper time. That supper lives in our remembrance as a bit of fairy land—it was so elegantly prepared, so complete in all its accessories, and so admirably served, that we almost imagined it was the table to which Beauty was invited by the gallant and attentive Beast, the enchanted and enchanting prince of fairy lore.

After supper, a walk upon deck, and a talk in the elegant saloon, we retired to our state-rooms, which we found the quintessence of neatness and comfort. Point Judith greeted us to a rough shake or so, but except her ill nature, which was soon over, all went "merry as a marriage bell."

At 3 o'clock in the morning we were aroused by the cry, "Passengers for Newport, please get ready." In an half hour's time, upon landing, the sky gray and sullen, just lightening towards the East, we watched the majestic steamer plough her way onward towards Providence, every window and opening throwing its glittering, gleaming lights across the water, while a long silver line lay in her wake.

Before the rosy-footed morn danced gayly up the sky, we were finishing our snooze in the *pleasantest* room of the "Fillmore House"—for first come first served, you know—and delightful as every moment is here, it is early for the season to commence.

But every boat bears its multitude, and soon we shall have no nook or corner unfilled. And the gods of Fashion and Mammon will reign supreme. But spite of them, health and rational pleasures are to be found and enjoyed by all who will seek and be content with their plainer ways and less glittering paths.

A. E. C.

A Saratoga Story.

A melancholy tale is told here of a young man who came from New York with a hundred dollars and a new suit of clothes. He carried himself in a lofty and flamboyant manner, and never felt himself so much like an aristocrat as when he was being brushed. He would stand for several minutes, turning round and round, apparently in an ecstacy of felicity, while colored waiters whisked their brushes about his back and shoulders. He had obtained twenty-five dollars' worth of new quarters at the Sub-Treasury before leaving, and every time he was brushed he handed one of these forth from his vest pocket. He came up on the Drew, and through the influence of the stamps was very much brushed on the voyage. He took breakfast, of course, at the Delaware, and from the moment when he gave the man a twenty-five cent piece who brushed him on the steps, the waiters rushed wildly after him with their brooms; at the office where he registered himself; at the counter where he checked his cane; going up stairs to breakfast; coming down again; at the counter where he got his cane again; and all the way out to the pavement. When he stepped from the coach here he had a package of quarters ready in his pocket; and there was never another man so brushed at the hotel. He stopped four or five times from the door to the office enjoying the satisfaction of the brush, and distributing quarters. He was brushed up stairs and down stairs, in the halls and in the parlors, in the piazzas, and in the grounds, in the billiard rooms, and in the barber shops. The waiters watched him, laid wait for him, quarrelled with each other for possession of him. And the more he was brushed the more loftily he carried himself. They never brushed him anywhere but in the small of his back, and on the knees of his pantaloons. The result was that in three days those portions of his attire were threadbare, and the next day a new hand at the barbershop, desirous of earning his money, brushed a hole in his coat. The young man looked at his pocketbook and found that he had only just money enough left to pay his bill and his fare home, to say nothing of a new suit. Nearly all his new stamps had been spent solely on the luxury of the brush. He gave notice at the office of his departure; but he was brushed to the last. They brushed him out to the stage, and one stalwart colored man, growing facetious with him now that he was leaving, gave a last stroke and tore the young man's coat straight down the middle of his back. He put on his duster and was seen no more. But the waiters, counting their earnings, found that in the aggregate they had received $21.25 for brushing that unfortunate young man.—*Cor. Evening Gazette.*

SEX.

If there is "nothing in sex," as some people contend, how is it that even the male gorilla "sleeps as a guard at the foot of a tree," while his wife and children sleep in the branches?" Why is it that even among the gorillas, the male is the defender, the champion? Is it all owing to "perverted theological and political notions" among the philosophers and poets of the gorilla race? Is it all the result of old and foolish customs and habits among the gorillas? Oh, ye foolish Eves, why do you again want to eat the forbidden fruit! Oh, you foolish Adams, why are you so foolish as to let them eat it—and then upbraid you afterwards for your folly in allowing them to do so!

THE WHISKEY FRAUDS.—Some idea of the stupendous frauds practised in whiskey may be reached by estimating the annual product at 70,000,000 gallons—which is under rather than over the mark. If the taxes were collected on the whole, the product would be $140,000,000. But let one-fourth escape the law, and over $100,000,000 would be obtained. Last year whiskey yielded only $30,000,000, with the prospect of being one-third less this year, the receipts the last two months having been at the rate of $10,000,000 a year. This is no doubt partly the result of fraudulent evasion of the tax imposed, and partly the result of lessened production in consequence of the unequal operation of the tax law; but either way it works injuriously on honest tax payers, and greatly deranges business. We suppose the Internal Revenue officers find their reward in it however.

☞ Monsieur P. B. Du Chaillu, the famous traveller, who has shown so much heroic daring and iron endurance and intrepidity, is "an undersized, delicate-looking man, of middle age, and has the appearance of a returned missionary." Yet that small, quiet, modest man, who bears the marks of poisoned arrows on his slender frame, has penetrated regions which no other white man has ventured to visit.

☞ The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself; all sin is easy after that.

THE SWEATING OF SOVEREIGNS.

O freedom from tormenting cares!
It would be such a blessed thing,
That, safe to make my own affairs,
Almost I fain would be a king.
But what a life must sovereigns lead!
Of income though they rest secure,
Perhaps the lifelong fear of need
Not equals all that they endure.

They're sure of their three meals a-day,
Of house-room and apparel—true.
But, well indeed, they earn their pay,
If any slaving mortals do.
From early morn till late at night,
Hard tugging monarchs cannot cease.
In quiet thought denied delight,
They never know a moment's peace.

'Tis not the dull routine of State,
The documents to sign and seal,
That I should so intensely hate,
If I reigned o'er the commonweal.
Nor is it any mental task,
That active kingship might demand,
Or Government's direction ask—
Such simple labor I could stand.

'Tis all that pomp, parade, and show,
Day after day, for evermore;
Which weary sovereigns undergo,
That I should vote so great a bore.
Those levees, drawing-rooms, and balls,
Which oft, in guise grotesque arrayed,
They needs must hold in gilded halls,
(Or ought to) for the good of trade.

'Tis laying those foundation stones,
"Inaugurating," as they say,
Those statues, that would make a throne's
Work, to my mind, beyond all pay.
'Tis that kings ever must allow
Addresses to fatigue their ears;
Wherever they go, compelled to bow
Acknowledgment of idle cheers.

'Twould irk me being, any night,
Required to dance just when one feels
Disposed a bland cigar to light,
Or smoke a pipe, and rest one's heels.
Engaged in a perpetual round
Of solemn, tedious, trifling things,
I hardly think I would be crowned
To lead the life that's led by kings.

No, scarce to gain a mind at ease,
Nor live in dread of fall delayed,
Beneath the sword of DAMOCLES,
With "workhouse" written on the blade.
But if I did accept the part
Of Royal pageantry and show;
I'd act it out with all mine art,
And pay the debt which sovereigns owe.

—*London Punch.*

An Example for Old Bachelors.

An Illinois correspondent sends us the following:—"There is on a farm about three miles from the Illinois river, in La Salle county, Illinois, a hen one year old, that was hatched and watched over with tender care by an old bachelor turkey. He having in one of his rambles discovered the deserted nest, with the one egg in it, was strongly impressed with the idea of squatter sovereignty, and therefore makes himself an actual settler upon said premises by a residence of twenty one days. After which he comes away with his little chick, as proud and vain as the family of a shoddy merchant."

Here is an excellent example for all other old bachelors, including those of a superior species.

TIME TO LIVE.—One great affliction of Americans in this generation is that God did not put more than sixty seconds into a minute; and that, in our haste to get a living we have not time to live. We have not time to eat, to sleep, to wash, to read Shakespeare, to play with our children, to get passably acquainted with our wives, or articulate our mother tongue. If we could but add to the national time as easily as we can to the national domain; if we could but have nine days in the week, or thirty-six hours in the day, would we not—what? Attend to some of these little neglected matters? Bah! As the German proverb saith, "Who believes it goes to heaven?" No. We should make a little more money, run a little more rapidly into consumption, build a few more mad-houses for the public convenience, and settle down a few years sooner into the tranquil retirement of a softening brain.—*Theodore Tilton.*

WITH regard to ancient ordnance, an intelligent correspondent writes to us that rifled cannon and breech-loaders, as well as attempts at revolving arms, are frequently noticed in collections of military antiquities in the European capitals. One of these, and perhaps the most ancient specimen, is in the military museum of St. Petersburg. It is a bronze cannon made in the reign of the first of the present Russian dynasty, the Romanoffs, who ascended the throne at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The barrel is seven feet long and rifled throughout. The gun is highly ornamented, and would carry a ball of about four pounds weight. Besides being rifled it is a breech-loader, and is exhibited with the breech hanging open ready for loading.

☞ The Baton Rouge Traveller relates the following extraordinary story: "A party of ladies and gentlemen encamped upon the beach in Ipswich yesterday, with their boats moored near the shore in a small cove. When the squall came up shortly before three o'clock, they were surprised by seeing their boats, which were large dories from fifteen to twenty feet in length, flying through the air. The wind raised the boats out of the water, and carried them over a neck of land five hundred feet in width, the surface of which was at some points at least ten feet above the water level, and after turning them round end for end, landed them on the other side. Two of the tents under which the party sought shelter were also blown away, and their occupants exposed to the storm."

☞ LADY SUBSCRIBERS.—An experienced editor pays a high and deserved compliment to the fair patrons of the press. Women, he says, are the best subscribers in the world to newspapers, magazines, etc. We have been editor for forty years, and never lost a dollar by female subscribers. They seem to make it a point of conscientious duty to pay the preacher and the printer—two classes of the community that suffer more by bad pay, and no pay at all, than all the rest put together.

☞ An earthquake doesn't dispose men to sleep, but it makes the earth yawn.

Plantation Life.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

The negroes upon the plantation where I am now stopping are like most ignorant people, highly conservative. Though freedmen, they still are attached to many of the old ways and works of their plantation life.

The work is principally conducted by the foreman of the plantation, a shrewd, middle-aged Virginia negro, named Moss. Moss knows the capability of every hand, and just where to put each. He forms them into gangs, and sets the leaders over each gang. We should think our New England mode of rising early, and eating a good breakfast before going to the field, to be the proper way of managing a day's labor. Not so our friends. They have always been in the way of getting up in the dim gray of dawn, and working two hours, and then coming home and cooking their breakfast and eating it, and so they insist on doing now, and their employers wisely let them do their work in their own way.

Moses' horn awakens us while it is yet quite dark, and every hand musters at once. We hear no complaint of skulkers, and no shamming of sickness. The simple idea that a day's work belongs to the laborer, and that if he loses it, he loses the pay for it, has stopped all trouble of that kind. The rate of wages is about as good as that paid to Northern laborers, considering the habits and necessities of life here. The average rate of a good field hand is twelve dollars a month, a house and rations, which, in fact, amount to the same thing as board, fuel and lights, both being thrown in by the grant of the ever plenty light wood. Exceptional hands of more skill and capacity than the common run of laborers, command sixteen, eighteen, and even twenty dollars per month. They are reckoned by employers who have worked Northern laborers, to be, with good, careful overseeing, just about as efficient as the average run of white laborers that can be hired at the North, and they are probably, for this climate and these surroundings, far better.

On this plantation every hand has the right to work an acre of land for himself or herself, and many do it to considerable purpose; and their crops, whatever they may be, are cared for and accounted in the sales made by their employers.

Some of the best field laborers are women. They harness the mules and drive plough with quite as much skill and energy as the men. Many of them have never done any other than field work all their lives, and have the bodily look, the stride, the appearance of men, so that one often has to look some time, when one sees a dark creature, approaching with a heavy tramp, and a man's hat and boots on, to discern that one of the softer sex is concealed under that exterior.

The regularly raised field hands are fond of the fields, and pine if put to housework. They mope, and are clumsy, and seem to feel themselves overworked by the most moderate share of housework, when they will deem it no hardship to go into the field at five o'clock in the morning, and work there till night, with the exception of their breakfast and noon recess.

The housekeeper's prospects in the Southern States appear less brilliant than those of the farmer. House hands, in general, are the most clumsy, unskilled, untrained, delaying, deferring, shirking tribe that can be imagined. The idea of doing anything at the same hour and time for two consecutive days, of keeping any regular lines and departments of labor, and going on systematically as in a Northern household, seems never yet to have dawned on their minds, any more than the kindred idea of washing dishes at regular seasons when you have done using them, instead of letting them all stand in jolly confusion till they are wanted again.

There are some old families here who are excellent housekeepers, and who have managed to retain, under the new *regime*, their old house servants, and such proceed without trouble. But the generality of professed house servants are fond of congregating in cities, ask extravagant wages for coming out on plantations, and would be considered, as to any of our Northern standards of housekeeping, good for very little. A woman with ordinary strength and a pair of hands would much prefer cooking her own dinner, sweeping her own parlor, and making her own bed, to allowing that jubilee of dirt and confusion, which results from the combined efforts of Judy, Lizzie, Sophy, Viry, and any half dozen others, all of whom seem to consider themselves necessary to help along each other's operations, and think themselves excessively abused if they are not allowed to do every thing in company.

A glance at the Southern kitchens at once shows that they were made for this barbarous, unsystematic, noisy, dirty way of getting on. A neat, tidy kitchen, in a house with hot and cold water, set tubs, sinks, and other arrangements for cleanliness and order, is a thing quite undreamed of by these poor souls. The kitchen of our establishment is a log hut, about twenty paces from the house, with a great open fireplace. The windows are unglazed, and can be only closed from wind and rain by wooden shutters, which shut out light as well; and in windy weather the great chimney smokes to that degree that the Smart's cooking stove, which has lately been introduced there, seems utterly confused in its mind, and to ask itself the question: Am I really a Smart's stove, or am I a leaky old chimney flue? There is no sink or drain of any kind; the only resources of getting rid of house slops is to pour them out of the window aforesaid. Luckily, this fine, dry, white Floridian soil swallows any amount, and yet looks clean as if nothing had happened. Finally, there is no resource for bringing water into this kitchen except the well, which is situated quite a distance off, in the yard. One cannot but admire the composure with which our cook, who, by-the-by, asks twelve dollars a month for her services, will sit at about ten o'clock finishing her everlasting breakfast, which is taken by easy stages from eight o'clock onward; while her fire goes out in the stove, and there is not a drop of water in her water pail, nor a thought of heating any dish-water. Then when the idea of washing dishes actually is brought to her mind by a message or expostulation from her mistress, she contemplates it wholly as a new and unexpected emergency, and probably discovers for the first time that she is out of wood, and must send Lizzie down in the lot to call up Joe to cut some, or else she has the rheumatism in her shoulder, and must get Aunt Winnah to draw her water, and sends Sophy down to the cow-pen to look for her. Pending these operations, she will seat herself quietly, and with all her unwashed dishes around her, fold her arms, and appear lost in contemplation. To do her justice, she often, in the most hidden, unprecedented and unexpected ways, gets up something that is very good to eat, makes excellent coffee and corn muffins, and stews some of this tough Florida beef so that it is really a most presentable dish, and has odd intervals of cleaning up her kitchen and washing her dishes, which take one entirely by surprise, because the most philosophic mind can never predict when they are likely to occur—they are the secret counsels of her own inscrutable will.

Speaking of beef leads us to treat of the dairy matters of a Florida farm, which to a Northerner have truly an original air.

Our dairy woman is an ancient, strong-minded, strong limbed sybil, from South Carolina, who is generally called Aunt Winnah. The whole care of milking, butter-making, and the dispensing of milk and cream is lodged in her hands. We were astonished to hear that the plantation numbered forty cows, and that Aunt Winnah, with one assistant, did all the milking.

But on inquiry we found that this operation consisted only in milking so many of the forty cows as Joe felt disposed to bring up from the woods, or that came up of their own accord to visit their calves, of whom there are about fifteen in a pen near the house.

In Florida cows run wild in the woods; every calf is allowed to grow up to maturity, and everybody's calves run together in the woods, being first branded with the owner's name. Many stock owners never see their cattle all together from one year's end to another. Enough calves are kept near the cows to attract up some of the cows, and it is considered the proper, orthodox way to let the calf suck while the cow is being milked, in order to make her give down her milk. The consequence is, that the forty cows together, do not yield in actual milk more than we have seen given by two good cows treated in the Northern way.

Winnah churns every day—unless Joe forgets to bring up the cows, or something else happens, in which case they go without being milked for a morning or an evening—which fact generally dawns on us in the sudden perception of there being no milk or cream for our breakfast or tea.

Winnah makes valiant fight for her butter, and feels aggrieved at the demand set up by the ladies of the establishment for cream morning and night. "Sombody mus' jes bring up more o' dem cows ef I's to gib de ladies so much milk un cream; dere won't be no butter shoe." We have sometimes described to Winnah the manner of proceeding with Northern cows, which seems to fill her soul with horror. She informed us that "de cow would jes dry right up if you kill her chile."

In vain we described to her the charms of fresh veal—a dish unknown and inadmissible in Florida. We did succeed in bringing an unctuous glow on the face of the cook by describing the charms of veal pie, but Winnah's brown grew dark, as if we had proposed to make it of babies. "I jes so soon see one of my babies killed as one dem calves." The calves, in fact, are the prettiest little things in the world, and at uncertain intervals Winnah stops her washing, or whatever she may chance to be about, because her bowels yearn after her calves, and it suddenly comes into her head to carry some hay to them. Then she will leisurely pet and pat each one, portion off the weaker, discipline the stronger ones with a maternal cuff, now and then, to teach them not to be greedy; and then leaning on her elbows over the fence, will smoke her pipe and laugh with full-hearted satisfaction.

If cows were to have a vote, they would doubtless all agree to come to Florida, for they have it all their own way here.

It is but justice to Winnah to state, that her butter is the only butter we ever ate in America that seemed to us as good as the continental article. It is made every day of fresh cream, and is itself, in taste, only solidified cream, as butter should be. The buttermilk resulting from the process is rich and slightly acid, a delightful drink for warm weather. This buttermilk, together with all the skimmed milk, goes to the hands, as a sort of perquisite, and it is one of Winnah's morning tasks to fill the pails of numerous applicants who come from the different cabins at the quarters. In this dispensation she magnifies her office, and dispenses admonitions, orders, and advice, with loud emphasis. Evidently she feels herself to be a power in the earth, but she endeavors to bear rule with justice and equity, and no more leaning to the tribe of her own children and grandchildren, than might fairly be expected.

So go matters in this easy, rollicking, sunny climate, where the warm days so outnumber the cold, that the laborer never thinks it a hardship to live in a house without glass windows, generally being certain that no rain storm will beat in at all four sides of his house at once, so that he can have an open shutter somewhere.

It is hardly possible to run a plantation with hands trained under the old *regime*, without running in the same old, worn, resulting grooves in which the machinery of plantation life has always moved.

A climate, whose summer lasts pretty much the year round, inclines people, spite of themselves, to the large, leisurely, easy way of doing things. Nature here does not bring you up with the short, decided, step-mother turn of Northern latitudes; where, if you do not sow to-day, it will be too late to-morrow; where frost stands sentry on both ends of the three months called summer, to warn you that it is now or never with you, and a cold winter bids you look ahead and store provision and fuel for its long months. Here, where one can go on sowing, reaping, and tending garden the year round, everything inclines one to take matters by the day, to comfort one's self that there is time enough to-morrow for what isn't done to-day. So even Northern Yankees find the grim clutches of care relaxing their hold; they laugh at inconveniences which at home they would find matters of grave importance, and agree to take life as our friend Romeo is convinced the last trumpet will find them, "cool and easy."

☞ Nineteen widows, whose ages ranged from fifty years up to a century, were invited to the house of an old bachelor, at Dorchester, Mass., the other day, and all partook of a strawberry feast, and on their departure were presented with a handsome bouquet apiece by the old gentleman.

☞ The correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says: Speech writing is a profitable branch of the business of Washington correspondents, several of whom can show scores of their speeches in the Congressional Globe, purchased at from $25 to $100 each.

☞ Colonel Adam J. Slemmer, of Fort Pickens fame at the commencement of the war, has been brevetted Brigadier General for gallant services.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We read in the Scriptures that "The love of money is the root of all evil." Whether this is true depends upon the emphasis with which you read. If you say, "The love of *money* is the root of all evil," it is not so; but if you say, "The *love* of money is the root of all evil," it is so.

Money never does any thing that is good or bad. People do that seek it or use it. Money—what is that? It is the representative of property. What is property? It is the representative of human thought and skill. It is a symbol, and represents what man has done upon nature, and is itself a benefit. And it is not money that is the root of all evil, or property, but the ways that men pursue who seek it, or who have obtained it and are using it.

Now the love of money, whichever way you interpret the word *love*, is full of mischief. If you interpret it as an affection, it is idolatry to put your love upon property; or if you interpret it as an appetite, then it is worse than idolatry. It is vulgar and base to desire property through lust and for lust.

Many persons suppose it to be the duty of a minister to bear testimony against riches; but I think it is not. Many persons will expect me, according to the professional traditions, to give a good, round denunciation of money-seeking; but I shall not. Indiscriminate abuse of money or property, and of the searching for them on the part of men, does no good. Whether these things are right or wrong depends entirely upon the motives that actuate men, and the methods and measures that they pursue in regard to them.

Riches now occupy, and have always occupied, the most important part in the divine economy of this world. Of the lower grade of instrumentalities—that is, those that are non-moral in their nature; of material and economic agencies, it may be said that God has employed none so much, and that none are so nearly universal and indispensable to the divine ends in this world, as riches. It is all in vain to decry that on which human life stands; on which society is built; on which civilization depends; which, when you take a single step in advance, rises to your need; which is the universal instrument not only of the bad, but also of the good. It is worse than folly to denounce it. And if it be so useful and indispensable, then the seeking it cannot by any kind of reasoning be made to appear so bad.

The very first steps in civilization are, in the providence of God, those which are unfolded through the making of property. When a man begins to develope property, to save it, to guard and defend it, he is taking the first steps, though they may be very low, remote, infantine, in civilization. A nomadic tribe, or a tribe of Indians, will remain stationary. It is not probable that the nomadic tribes of Arabia are one single degree different to day from what they were in the days of Abraham. They have not trafficked nor manufactured, but have lived a wandering life, without accumulating property. They stand after four thousand years just where they will four thousand years hence, unless some revolution takes place among them.

The elementary virtues are wrought out, in the providence of God, through the process of wealth making. And foresight is one of the first elements in this process. It is the foreseeing of events. Living by foresight is living by faith. Light before a man can see is but faith. And the process of wealth making requires this element, though it be in its nominal form.

Self-denial is another essential element in this process. Even the least civilized tribes, for the sake of greater good, are obliged every day and hour to refuse their desires. It may be a lower form of self-denial. They would prefer indolence, if it were not for the prospect of the fruits of wealth. They maintain their steadfastness of research for wealth, and deny themselves ease. And though it is a low sphere of self-denial, it is a sphere and an experience of self-denial.

So fidelity to engagements, and truth in the relations of men—these belong to traffic. They are violated often; but they are kept ten thousand times more often. All this railing about the equivocations, deceits, and lying of men is but partially true. There is a great deal of unfaithfulness; but there is a great deal more of the other thing, or else life could not cohere. If it were true that men more often lied and betrayed their trusts than otherwise, society could not trust man. And all the confidence that man puts in man throughout the realm of business is an irrefragible evidence of how much truth men do tell after all, and how trustworthy they are after all. There could be no cohesion in society without these qualities. And in spite of all their obliquities, in the main men can be relied upon in their dealings one with another. And this fact is largely attributable to their efforts to acquire wealth.

Respect for others' rights as a way of securing our own, is the result of traffic; and frugality and economy are important drills which you can get no where else better in the lower forms of civilization than in the process of securing wealth.

The importance of wealth may be seen as an educator. When you look at riches in this point of view they become a record. They are a witness of what men have thought, felt, striven after and obtained. They are a history, and a history, too, of an honorable part in human development. It is thought applied to nature, and skill applied to nature, and riches are the result which is wrought out.

Commerce, which is a generic term for the methods of gaining, has always been a civilizer, and is destined, where the moral element is still more infused into it, to be more widely and potentially civilizing. Nations following commerce are to-day in the lead throughout the world. And it is because wealth seeking produces life in both the human soul and mind. Of all other things the general condition of life—life in the head and life in the heart; the waking men up and stimulating them to develope themselves—this is the grand condition of development and success. And commerce tends to wake men up thoroughly. Men go to sleep behind the plough, but not generally on the ship or in the store. Commerce that not only stimulates where it is, but throws back its motives and its stimuli to the remotest beginnings of industry, and keeps men alive—it is not virtue, to be sure; still less is it religion; but, after all, it is the indispensable condition of both that men should be alive and awake; and any tendency in the community that rouses men up, and keeps them vigilant, and full of feeling, and thoughtful, can scarcely fail to inure to their moral and religious development.

All the institutions of society which enrich and ennoble human life require wealth for their existence. The time has gone by when men can rail at wealth as incompatible with religion and virtue. Schools and colleges were impossible but for accumulated treasure. Books and newspapers, that have become as indispensable as food—these were impossible except in communities where there is treasure accumulated. Churches could not be built, and their services could not be maintained, except on accumulated capital. Hospitals, relief asylums, all eleemosynary enterprises, depend upon conditions of wealth. Art could not long flourish where there was not wealth. Literature and learning depend upon wealth. Not directly and visibly in every case; but communities that have to labor from day to day for the necessities of life have not the time nor the means to pursue higher aims and ends. It is only where wealth has been accumulated that men rise from sordid labor for the bread that perishes, and begin to give life to higher ambitions and nobler elements, such as art, literature, and learning.

The great evangelizing works of the age, and the Christian religion since it began its reign, have depended upon riches for their power to go forth. Poverty could never have preached the Gospel in all the earth. For, although the men that first preached it were poor enough, the communities in which it took root, and which gave it final organization and power, and made it dominant in the world, were the communities that then represented the wealth of the world.

It is not therefore at all extravagant to say that riches are the indispensable conditions of national prosperity, and the indispensable concomitants of the spread of moral and religious life in the world. They are not the only conditions and concomitants, they are not the most important; yet they are indispensable.

Virtue is, of course, a great deal better than a man's body; heroism is a great deal better than a man's body; faith, and love, and fidelity, and truth are a great deal better than a man's body; and yet, I should like to know how a man is going to have truth, and fidelity, and love, and faith, and heroism, and virtue, who has no body. And as we say that the manifestation of the soul pre-supposes a living body under it, without which it cannot act, though it be superior to the body, so I say that though religion is transcendently more important than wealth, wealth underlies the progress of religion.

Individuals may live noble lives and yet be poor; but communities cannot. Individuals can, because individuals living in a community as it were imbibe that which belongs to that community. A man may be individually poor in a community, and yet be may be influential; he may have great power of producing impressions; and it may be argued, therefore, that poverty is favorable because there is such an instance. But the argument is fallacious. Because individuals may be poor and yet be very noble, it is not to be inferred that communities can. Poverty in communities is a blight. If you cannot raise nations to a condition of affluence, you may just as well make up your mind that you can never raise them far in the direction of civilization. Wealth is indispensable, as God has organized human affairs, to the elevation of nations; and though wealth is not the most important thing, it is not to be argued against.

The old notions of the intrinsic benefits of poverty are exploded. Poverty accepted for a moral end may become a very great power. We have an example in the language of Scripture, "That, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." Where a man has riches which he lays aside for the sake of the benefit of others, or where a man has power to accumulate wealth, and turns that power in the direction of benefiting others, men know that the moral example of renouncing wealth for the sake of greater good for men under such circumstances is exceedingly valuable.

A Moravian missionary attempted to preach to West India slaves, but their life was so wretched, as the result of the oppression of white men, that they would not hear a white man preach, and he saw that in the relation which he sustained to them it would be impossible for him to benefit them; so he sold himself into slavery among them, and came home at night from the tasks of the day feeling the same weariness that they felt; and then they would open their ears and hear his consolations in Jesus Christ. Such servitude was noble. Such poverty was admirable. It was the literal verification of the example of the Saviour.

Therefore, there are circumstances where poverty may be accepted as a means of doing good. But poverty is praiseworthy only where it has a distinct moral end, and where there is voluntariness in it. It does not follow that the next man who is poor, because he does not know how to get rich, is to be commended for his poverty. Poor-houses are not the best places to get impressions of religion and morality. Poverty is an evil. It is to the individual an evil, and it is to the community an evil. A noble nature may redeem his poverty; but, nevertheless, generically it tends to sink men, to restrict them, to diminish their strength and resources. It tends to breed temptations which it is extremely difficult to overcome. It is unfavorable to refinement. It is unfavorable to all the great elements which are inspired by God's spirit and nourished by God's providence. Poverty is never to be sought. Even as far back as the days when the Proverbs were written, Agur said:—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." The extremes breed violent temptations. Poverty certainly does. Wealth we know does. Now, with such views, I do not think it to be wise, I do not believe I would best serve the interests of the young, if I were to indulge in indiscriminate railings at riches, and attempt to dissuade them from seeking wealth. We are living in an age and in a nation in which I think it is your duty to be rich if you can, and in which, if you cannot be entirely rich, it is your duty to be somewhat so. No man in business ought to set before himself any other purpose or model than that of, according to the measure of his power, achieving this instrument of usefulness.

Nay, I advocate riches. The time is coming when the world will be rich. The time is coming when men will be rich in large numbers. And Christians may as well try it on now as later. I do not believe that the world is going to be scrawny, bareboned and undecorated for ever. The God of grace is the God of beauty; the God of love is the God that made the heaven with the sun therein that shines by day, and the stars that shine by night; and I believe that that God who is full of taste and full of variety and full of beauty, has ordained that man shall be rich in the future state of the world.—*The Herald of Health.*

SEA BIRDS.

O lonesome sea-gull floating far
Over the ocean's icy waste,
Aimless and wide thy wanderings are
For ever vainly seeking rest;—
Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

'Twixt wintry sea and wintry sky,
Cleaving the keen air with thy breast,
Thou sailest slowly, solemnly:
No fetter on thy wing is pressed;—
Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

O restless, homeless human soul,
Following for aye thy nameless quest;
The gulls float, and the billows roll,—
Thou watchest still, and questionest;—
Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

☞ The crop of huckleberries this season in New Jersey, it is estimated, will amount in dollars and cents to more than the combined crops of strawberries, raspberries and blackberries.

☞ Frank Fitch, a well known billiardist at Troy, made the unparalleled score of 1,958 points one day last week.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 636 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 199 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. jy 6-eow16t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—may from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are working most wonderful cures. Glandular swellings that have defied all other treatment, are easily softened and removed by the Ointment, while the Pills remove at once the suffocating horrors of Asthma. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. EDWARD B. DAVIS to Miss MATILDA J. EGGLETON, both of this city.

On the 6th of Jan., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. CHARLES L. BROWN to Miss EMMA E. YEAMANS, both of this city.

On the 14th of July, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM H. H. FOSTER, of this city, to Miss MARY A. HUSSER, formerly of Minersville, Pa.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev. James Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM L. MELLOR to Miss AMANDA M. HOOPES, both of this city.

On the 18th of July, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. DANIEL W. KILLEY to Miss ANNA M. WILLS, both of this city.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. J. Dickerson, Mr. JOHN DELAHUNT to Miss TILLIE M. GLENNINGER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday morning, the 25th of July, at the residence of her father, Dr. W. Williamson, Mrs. M. M. FALLIGANT, wife of Dr. L. A. Falligant, of Savannah, Georgia, aged 29 years.

On the 23d of July, Mrs. EMILY THOMPSON, aged 42 years.

On the 22d of July, MARY SHEARER, in her 85th year.

On the 23d of July, Mr. JOHN CHRISTOPHER, in his 63d year.

On the 21st of July, Mrs. REBECCA, wife of Wm. Hicks.

On the 21st of July, JOHN WELLS, in his 38th year.

On the 20th of July, WILLIAM H. RHEAM, in his 53d year.

On the 20th of July, DEBORAH HARTLEY, in her 87th year.

On the 19th of July, Mr. JOSEPH STILES, in his 46th year.

On the 19th of July, Mr. JACOB MILLER, in his 65th year.

On the 19th of July, THEODORE, son of the late Geo. P. and Sophia L. Glentworth, aged 13 years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies		$4.00
4 "		6.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club)	8.00
8 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	20.00
20 "	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending us a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

MAPLE SEEDS.

BY R. PIEREPONT.

Curious things with odd-shaped wings
The sweet May-time to the maple brings,
Over our heads
On slender threads
Idly flapping their crimson wings.

Each tiny pair suspended there,
Swaying about in the soft spring air,
Seems to the eye
Longing to try
Its wings abroad in the azure air.

And as I lie, with half-shut eye,
Watching their futile efforts to fly,
Other fair things,
Soon to have wings,
Rise unbidden before mine eye.

Sweet souls and dear, far off and near,
Whose final farewell we daily fear,
As over the grave
They sway and wave,
By every care-gust driven more near.

From this life's things, its thorns and stings,
Longing to haste with heavenward wings,
Waiting to die,
Waiting to fly—
Only waiting to use their wings.

Comes twilight gray and clears away
The misty dreams that over me stray;
Naught now I see
Save the maple tree
With its winged seeds forever at play.

☞ "My dear friends," said a returned missionary at one of the late anniversary meetings, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that 'though you bathe a dog's tail in oil, and bind it with splints, yet you cannot get the crook out of it.' Now, a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which cannot be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace!"

☞ The richer a man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

RUNNING WATER.

Sliding through the verdurous meadows,
Dreaming in the greenwood shadows,
Flying like a feathered arrow
Through the gorges dim and narrow,
Dancing to its own glad tinkle,
Where, in many a curl and crinkle,
Rock-imprisoned eddies twinkle,
Mid white water-lilies sleeping,
Stealthily through thickets creeping—
Many-voiced the brooklet ever,
Wanders onward toward the river.

Musical the infant whisper
Of the little hill-born lisper,
Where on fairy shoon of glass
Timidly it treads the grass;
Musical the tones, though firmer,
Of its dove-like woodland murmur;
Glad its shout, and soul-exalting,
When o'er rocky barriers vaulting;
Sweet and soft its liquid gushes,
As it dallies with the rushes—
Thus a living song forever
Flows the brooklet toward the river.

Blest the life that sweeps along
Brook-like, with a pleasant song—
Gliding through the fields of youth,
Beautiful with Love and Truth;
Striking out, in manhood's prime,
Sparkles from the rocks of time;
Making through the shades of age
Calm and solemn pilgrimage;
And at last, its journey done,
Through the shadow and the sun,
Fearfully without a quiver,
Melting in the silent river.

Wearing Them to Some Purpose.

Lydia, aged twenty, the only child of Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles, of Blubluddy Park, Suffolk, having written to her quondam schoolfellow and bosom friend, Julia Coutsher, two years her senior, wife of a doctor with an extensive practice in Halifax, Yorkshire, and mother of a fat boy fourteen months old, to the effect that if she did not come to spend a fortnight with her, she would borrow a team of wild horses from Mr. Sangster, who was making a tour through her neighborhood, and come and drag her away forcibly—the propriety of accepting the invitation was seriously discussed in the medical mansion. The Coutshers were a happy couple, and averse to separation, but Julia was fond of her friend, and glad to keep the bond between them taut. There were to be private theatricals and other gay doings at Blubluddy Park; and as the Coutshers were not rich, and rather proud, Halifax was a dullish place for them. Lydia was a munificent godmother to the fat child. The Snaffles was a very old county family, and to be on intimate terms with them was very creditable. When one's wife goes to stay with an influential and much-respected baronet, there is no knowing what may turn up. So it was settled that Lydia Snaffles might countermand her wild horses, for that Mrs. Coutsher would go without compulsion—for a week. Mr. Coutsher was included in the invitation, but his leaving his patients was of course an impossibility. He never did while they lived; and when they ceased to do that, it was rather they who left him. The fat boy was likewise asked, and occasioned a discussion. The mother wanted to take him, the father to keep him.

"It's very bad for young children to travel in the autumn," said the doctor.

"Pooh!" replied his wife. "Not unless they are well-paying patients."

"I shall be dull enough without you, and if you take the boy too, I don't know what I shall do," pleaded the husband.

"I can't be happy without my Billy," said the wife, wavering.

"Well, then, take him," replied the doctor with a sigh. That sigh was a bull's-eye, and the fat child stopped with his father.

At 5.10 on an October evening, Mrs. Coutsher alighted on the Blubluddy End platform, and was immediately embraced and hungrily kissed by the impetuous Lydia—an operation which turned the hearts of five young male travellers by the down-train to water. "Oh, you dear, delightful love of a Julia! how good of you to come! The carriage is waiting; the porters will look after your things. Well, and how *are* you? And so you have not brought my godson; left him as a hostage for your going back, have you? a pet! How is he? And your husband, how is he? Of course he could not come. Halifax would find it could get well without him, and that would never do! You are looking blooming. I am so glad! Oh, what fun this is!"

And so Lydia rattled on all the way to Blubluddy Park, which was about two miles off, hardly giving her friend time to put in monosyllables. But smiles, nods, and shakes did just as well. "We dine at six," she said, when she had seen her in her room, with her box uncorded and opened, and her evening-dress laid on the bed. "My room is only next door;" and she disappeared.

In twenty minutes, she came back again, dressed for dinner, and found Julia also ready. They were exceptional and quick dressers both of them, worth backing when Her Majesty's Plates are withdrawn from the turf, and instituted as prizes for the encouragement of Rapid Female Toilet, as will be the case when everything is thoroughly reformed. How amusing the reports will be: "Lady Jane won cleverly by three hooks and eyes and a bracelet."—"Miss Mary Smith came in first, but was objected to by the second lady, on the ground of her back-hair being insecurely fastened. The stewards allowed the objection, so Miss Smith was disqualified."—And then the handicapping: the winner of any previous race having to put on an extra earring, or to wind up her watch.

"It wants ten minutes to the gong," said Lydia; "come and see my room, dear."

So they went into Lydia's bower (when you first read *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, you thought that was a haunt of frogs and spiders in the corner of the garden, did you not?—*I* did), and the proprietess exhibited her dresses, jewels, and knicknacks.

"What ever is this thing?" asked Julia, taking up a silvered instrument.

"That? That is my spur, dear. When you press it so, a little prick comes out, like the sting of a bee."

"And what do you wear that for?"

"To make my mare go. They say money does that; I don't know; I think a spur is better."

"Oh, Lydia, how can you! But you do not really prick the poor thing?"

"If the poor thing will not jump when I am out hunting, I do."

"Do you really and truly hunt, and take actual leaps? You said something about it in your letters, but I thought it was only fun; you are such a girl!"

"What is one to do, living in the country?"

"And what are these for?" continued Julia, pointing to a pair of thick-laced boots, with great nails in the soles.

"These are my shooting-boots; and these are my gaiters. My gun is in papa's study. I will show it you to-morrow morning."

"Oh, no! I hate the sight of a gun. But you do not mean a real gun, that has powder, and goes off?"

"Of course I do. It is such a light little darling; kicks a little, though, if you do not hold it tight."

"One would think you were talking of a baby, dear," said Julia laughing.

"You shall have a pop at the pheasants with it yourself," continued Lydia.

"I should die with fright, and be deaf ever afterwards," replied her friend.

"That's the gong."

Julia Coutsher being a stranger, observed her hosts and neighbors at dinner somewhat carefully.

Sir Thomas was a very proud man in theory, but had no offensive pride of manner in practice. When he came to reason about it, he was rather surprised to find that common laborers had the same number of arms and legs as a man of his breed; but he showed no scorn in his actual intercourse with them. In his own house, he was hospitable, cheerful, and the slave of his daughter.

Lady Snaffles was as firm a believer in the mysteries of birth and blood as her husband. She professed to consider that ingratitude was the one great characteristic of the "lower orders," and she habitually spoke of persons who had raised themselves in the social scale by superior talents or industry as "dirt." But she was a good, motherly soul for all that—exceedingly charitable, and enjoyed a scandalous gossip with an old almswoman most heartily. She was likewise completely under Lydia's authority.

It was wonderful to see how both the parents deferred to the lively girl, appealed to her opinion, listened to her, laughed at her fun, and turned to others with eyes which expressed: "Is she not brilliant, and clever, and beautiful! Yet she is positively our child!"

There were three guests. A fox-hunter, who was nothing else, and not being now in the hunting-field, was obscure—a quiescent steam-engine, having coal and water supplied to it. Second, his sister, likewise possessed of only one faculty, that of liking classical music; and as, unfortunately, no one else in the room could soar above opera, or distinguish Sebastian Bach from tuning, she too only opened her mouth for commissariat purposes. Third, Mr. Robert Staunton, a handsome man of about thirty, of "good" family, possessing a large property immediately adjoining Blubluddy Park.

Julia Coutsher soon saw that Mr. Staunton admired Lydia quite as much as her parents did, and desired nothing more than to be elected slave Number Three. It was also evident that Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles were exceedingly anxious to have him for a son-in-law.

But Lydia did not give him any encouragement, which was rather surprising, for he was as sensible and agreeable as he was good-looking and eligible.

I do not mean to suggest that Julia Coutsher was such a wonderful physiognomist as to read all this in the people's faces at the dinner-table, or that the various characters announced: "I am so and so, and so and so, and my tastes and desires are so and so;" like the old Greek heroes. She had a whole evening to watch them in, and several confidential conversations with Lady Snaffles in the course of it.

At ten, the lovers of hunting, of symphonies, and of Lydia took their departures, and the household retired to rest.

I do wish that people went to bed at ten. There is no Midnight now, only a twelve o'clock with a small *t*; and how can one believe in the supernatural without a midnight? Now, a belief in the supernatural is necessary to human happiness; it is also (which is of more importance) a trump-card in the hands of the story-teller. Alas! we have no duels and no ghosts, and the taste for the sensational is increasing! No straw, and yet the *tale* must be delivered!

Julia and Lydia sat over a fire in the bedroom of the former. They were in their dressing-gowns, ready to pop into bed in a minute. Julia had her hair all over her shoulders; Lydia had not, because it was cut short, and curled about like a boy's.

"Such a pity," said Julia; "such lovely hair as you had."

"Do you think so, dear?" replied Lydia. "It was coming off, and Snips of Bond Street, said last season, that cutting it short for a time would restore it; he said, also, that this style suited my features—and then it is the fashion. It is very convenient, too, for riding: one's back-hair can't come down where there's none to come, you know. Besides, it will be so very handy for our private theatricals, in which I am going to take a man's part."

"Lydia! how can you; how absurd. As if I was going to believe that!"

"It is quite true. I have got my clothes made, and will show them to you to-morrow. We want a pert young fellow of eighteen, and have got nothing but brawny men six feet odd; so you see I must come to the rescue. I make a capital man; you would never know me, especially when I have got my moustache on. Fa-act, 'pon my word, ya-as. Got a cigar about you, old f'lar?'

"And what do Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles say?"

"Why it made them open their eyes at first; but they are so fully impressed with the wholesome idea that I must do what I like, and that if it seems wrong, it must be the laws and customs of the country that are in fault, and not their Lydia, that they soon dropped all opposition. Indeed, having private theatricals at all was such a pill for them to swallow, that their dear throats have been wider ever since."

"Well, I did wonder at their having them, and especially at their letting you act."

"Why, you see, dear, Lord Coulis, the head of the oldest family in the county, started it all, and Lady Augusta acted. The first fact converted papa, and the second mamma."

"I cannot think how you dare. O Lydia, you never will be able to appear in he clothes before a roomful of people!"

"I shall not mind it a bit."

"You always were as bold as brass. If I were your mamma, though, *I* would not let you."

"If the cherub has a sister, Julia, you will make a terrible prude of her—will you not? Why did you not make a prude of me at school? You were two years older, and I thought you very wise."

"I was not an old married woman then," said Mrs. Coutsher: "I was a little flighty myself, I fear."

"Yes, you were, dear."

"And then you were so unmanageable. Somehow it was impossible to help spoiling you; everybody did."

"Even the Misses Magnell."

"Yes, even the Misses Magnell; and they were stiff enough. But you were kept in better order there than at home. Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles seem to let you do whatever you please."

"Ah, Julia, dearest," said Lydia with a sigh, "they indulge me in trifling matters; but where the happiness of my life is concerned, they are obstinate and cruel."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, they want me to marry Mr. Staunton!"

"Ah," said Julia, "and is that such a very great hardship? He seemed to me just the sort of husband you would like."

"Perhaps, if I had no prior attachment."

"Why," cried Julia, "you can never mean that affair between you and William Waters! That was quite a bit of boy-and-girl nonsense, not at all suitable either; and you cannot have seen him for a year and a half."

"Should you have forgotten all about Mr. Coutsher, if you had not seen him for a year and a half?"

"Perhaps. But that is quite different. We were in the same station of life, and our parents approved of our engagement."

"Why, that was all against you!" cried Lydia. "I don't believe there can be any true love without difficulty and opposition. You used to think so once. Don't you remember when William used to come under the playground wall and whistle, and throw letters over when I whistled back again? And how you and I used to read them, and concoct the answers together?"

"I am afraid we did."

"William was very respectable, I am sure: he was the son of a clergyman near here, you know, and used to be asked to the house. But he had no money, and his grandfather was in trade in Ipswich; so when he asked papa's leave to be engaged to me, papa broke out into a terrible passion, and called him dishonorable, and turned him out of the house; and he said if William ever wrote to me, he would find him out, and horsewhip him; and William hasn't. Neither papa nor mamma ever scolded me; they treated me like a goosey girl who knew no better, and could not help myself, and they laid all the blame on poor William: and yet I am sure I had to give him tremendous encouragement at school, when we walked out two and two, and at church, before he dare do anything—hadn't I?"

"Yes, dear, you certainly did."

"I almost fancy that I was the first to write."

"I imagine that you did send a valentine or something. You had arrived at the mature age of thirteen at the time. What a puss! But have you ever met him since Sir Thomas forbade him the house?"

"Once; and he declared he would never marry any one else, and I promised the same. And I mean to keep my word, too; and if he is faithful, I'll marry him when I am twenty-one."

"And if he is not faithful, or misbehaves in any way, then you will marry Mr. Staunton, I suppose?"

"Perhaps. O Julia, it is a terrible thing to be crossed in love!"

"Sad, indeed, dear. It often ends in consumption, I have heard."

Lydia sighed; but she did not look consumptive.

It would have made a pretty picture—I mean, of course, for ladies, artists, and fathers of families: not for modest bachelors—those two sitting over the fire in their dressing-gowns, because their styles of beauty were so different that each acted as a foil to the other. Lydia was tall, dark, and lithe, with a slightly aquiline nose in the middle of her very handsome face; her friend was fair, plump, and pretty.

"Lydia, darling," said Julia after a bit, "you are the funniest contradiction I ever yet met. You wear spurs."

"No, only one."

"A spur; and you jump over hedges and ditches, and break your neck like a rough man; and you let off horrid guns; and you whistle; and you have smoked a cigarette; and you mean to act in Thingummies; and yet you are romantic, and so very romantic!"

"But don't you see that it is just where it is," cried Lydia; "it is because I am sick to death of what is commonplace, that I am always wanting to try something new and unusual. Men seem so much happier than women, that I wish to know what it is that makes them so. But as far as poor William goes, I do not see anything so very romantic in being commonly faithful and truthful. If you make a promise, you can keep it, I suppose, without being silly. Besides, I don't know why it is called romantic to love any one. You do not think yourself so for loving your husband or your baby, do you? It is not romantic of me to love papa and mamma, is it?"

"But do you really love William Waters, dear?" said Julia. "Did you know your own mind when you played at loving him? It seems to me that Mr. Staunton is worth half-a-dozen of him."

"How can you tell, Julia? You have never seen him since he was a mere boy. What prejudice!"

"Why, to begin with, if he were worthy of such romantic devotion as you propose to bestow on him," said Julia, "he would have managed to communicate with you, and urge his suit before this. In the next place, I do know him, for he is articled to a solicitor in Halifax, and my husband asks him to dinner sometimes. Well, knowing as he does what friends we were, would he not have spoken to me about old times, and tried to make me his confidante, if he had been good for much?"

"And he never did?"

"Never!"

"You never told me you knew him."

"No. I hoped that you had forgotten all about him. I had no patience with a man who could once fall in love with my Lydia, and then put up quietly with a separation from her, against her will, too. He cannot have the spirit of a mouse! I cannot bear a tame man."

"Is Mr. Coutsher so wild, then?"

"Tame enough to me, dear; that is quite right; I did not mean that. But if I had thought he would have given me up for a rebuff from a parent, or any one but myself, I would not have had him for anything."

"Well, my prosaic Julia," cried Lydia, breaking out into laughter, "that is the most delightful finish to a sermon against Romance that I ever heard of! But, perhaps, you misjudge poor William. It is agreed that I am to come and see you at Halifax; perhaps I shall meet him, and then I can tell for myself whether he is what I imagined him, or a faithless swain."

"Oh, I have no doubt he will catch fire again quickly enough when he sees you; and then, think what a match you would be for him!"

"Oh, but I mean to see him without his knowing me."

"How can that possibly be?"

"I have my idea; but I will not tell it you to-night; you have had a long journey, and must be tired. And, I declare! if we have not been gossiping for three hours."

At half-past three o'clock one afternoon, a month after the termination of Mrs. Coutsher's visit to her "fast" friend in Suffolk, towards the middle of November that is, a young man left the office of Mullikin and Bowie, solicitors, Halifax, and walked up the street. He had a new-looking hat, a carefully fashioned coat, the last peculiarity in collars, creaseless gloves, small boots, and an umbrella, which it would be a pity to open, it was rolled up so neatly.

Some men seem to have an instinct that if they are to be noticed at all, they must trust to their attire to produce an effect; and it appears to be a natural law that, the more insignificant any creature is, the greater is its desire to attract attention. What does an insect do when he has no beauty to please you, no sting to irritate you withal? Why, he commits suicide in your eye.

But an illustration is a dangerous thing, and apt to carry one too far, for this young man was esteemed good-looking by those who took the trouble to notice him sufficiently to judge. His features were regular and nicely modelled, his complexion was pretty, his auburn whiskers—they were *not* red—long and silky, and his figure was straight and well-proportioned; and yet, somehow, he only impressed the casual observer with his clothes.

A brougham was coming down the street, with a stoutish, sensible-looking man, who was its only occupant, lounging comfortably inside, reading the *Lancet;* but happening to look up from the paper, he saw the young man, waved one hand, pulled the check-string with the other, and presently stepped out on to the pavement.

"How do you do, Waters? It is lucky that I saw you, as it has saved me the trouble of writing a note, and you that of answering it. My wife told me to mind and ask you to come and dine with us to-morrow—to meet a relative of hers, a young fellow who has just got his commission in the cavalry. Are you disengaged?"

"Perfectly; and I shall be charmed. Mrs. Coutsher well, I hope?"

"Yes, thank you.—Well, then, six sharp, you know. Don't dress; we shall be quite alone."

"Very good."

Although a poor man, fated to work for his living, William Waters had the making of a swell in him; but he had never had proper advantages, poor fellow, and was sadly deficient in many important requisites. He fancied that when he accepted an invitation to dinner, he was receiving instead of conferring a favor; he imagined a cornet to be a superior creature, whom it was a source of pride to form an acquaintance with; and his unassisted intellect failed to teach him that good-breeding demanded his keeping his host and hostess waiting. So the boor was positively punctual, and entered the Coutshers' drawing-room before the clock had done striking.

The doctor was reading the newspaper at the table; his wife sat on the sofa near the fire; a young man, rather short, but very handsome, who wore a small moustache and an eye-glass, and was dressed in a rather full frock-coat, fastened at the waist with a link-button, was standing on the hearth-rug, playing with a Scotch terrier.

"Mr. Waters; Mr. Chifney."

The two young men bowed. Waters made a mental mem.: "To learn to wear an eye-glass; link-buttons are coming in again."

"Clever little dawg this. Fond of dawgs?" observed the cornet.

"Yes, very; particularly big dogs."

"Ah, yes. I have a bull-terrier who is remarkably good at rats. Fond of ratting?"

"Yes; that is, I like to see it now and then."

"Exactly. Good fun ratting. My dawg can kill five a minute; and he can pull a bull down, my dawg can."

"Indeed!"

"Dinner is on the table, ma'am."

Waters made another mem. to the effect that dogs and rats were good drawing-room topics for conversation, a fact which somewhat surprised him. He also noticed that the young officer had rather a soprano voice; likewise that his hostess was in an unusually merry mood, and provoked to laughter on very slight occasion. But he was hungry, and his reflections were transient.

Mrs. Coutsher retired soon after the dessert was on the table, and presently the doctor, too, got a message.

"I am sorry to leave you," he said: "that is the worst of my profession; I am never safe against interruption for a minute. One would imagine that patients selected the most inconvenient times for sending for the doctor on purpose. If he settles down comfortably after dinner at the end of a hard day's work, or if he goes to bed particularly tired, he is sure to be disturbed. But, I suppose, one must not grumble at the fish for taking their own time to bite. Ring the bell when you want more wine." And he went.

"Suppose we draw round the fire, and make ourselves comfortable," said Mr. Chifney, suiting the action to the word. "What are you drinking? Help yourself. It is a bore one cannot have a cigar, is it not?"

"Well, yes," said Waters; "I like a smoke after dinner myself; but this claret is so good, that it would be a pity to interfere with it too."

"Ah, yes, the wine isn't so bad," said Chifney. "By-the-by, we come from the same county, do we not? My cousin said you were a Suffolk man, I think."

"Yes; I was born in that county. My father was a clergyman there."

"I wonder whether we know many of the same people. Did you ever meet the Wiltons?"

"No; I do not remember them."

"Or the Wights, or the Folkers, or the Parsons, or the Manns?"

"Yes; I knew a little of the Parsons."

"Ah, nice girls the Parson girls. Spooney there ever?"

"Not very. You see I am a poor man, and

cannot afford to be spooney where there is no tin, and the Miss Parsons hadn't a penny."

"Indeed. Since you know them, perhaps you knew a family they used to visit a good deal. What was the name, hum; they lived at Blubbuddy Park."

"Sir Thomas Snaffles, you mean."

"That is the name."

"O yes, I know him very well indeed," said Waters, who had taken a good deal of wine at dinner, and a little after it, and was disposed to be communicative. "A tremendously proud old fellow, who thinks no end of his ancestors."

"Ah, does he? People who have them often do."

"His daughter was not a bad sort of girl; did you ever meet her?"

"Can't say I have," replied Chifney between two sneezes.—"I never can resist a pinch out of a snuff-box, when it is left on the table, as Coutsher has his, and it always sets me off. Titch-oo! You were—saying—about— Titch-oo!"

"Lydia Snaffles. I wonder you never saw her; she goes everywhere, hunts, shoots, they say—does everything."

"Ah, rather eccentric, I suppose?"

"Well, yes; I expect she is a little touched, she is so desperately fast. All very well now, but an awful bore for her husband when she marries, for really she goes a great deal too far."

"You did not fall in love with her either, then?"

"Well, yes; I was a little spooney at one time in that quarter."

"And she did not return the compliment, I suppose?" said Chifney; "women have such bad taste!"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow," cried Waters, waxing familiar, "she threw herself at my head."

"Ah! Then why did you not catch her? She is an only child, is she not?"

"Yes; it was all right for that, and as far as the girl went. But you see, Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles cut up rough, and forbade me the house; and then I had to come here, and did not see how to keep up any communication."

"I flatter myself I should, if it had been me!" said Chifney.

"Do you think so?" replied Waters. "Well, one thing was that I did not think it worth while to bother myself much. These girls who are so very free and easy never stick to the same man long, especially if he is absent. Yet I think she was rather fond of me too."

"That is more than you seem to have been of her, or you certainly would not have given her up so easily as that."

"Why, what could I have done?"

"Run off with her, if she would go."

"Run off with her! And supposing Sir Thomas had refused to allow her anything, or had cut her out of his will, a pretty fix I should have been in!"

"To be sure, so you would.—Shall we go into the drawing-room?" So the two young men went up-stairs to tea; and presently the doctor came home, and challenged Waters to a game at piquet, leaving Chifney free to chat confidentially with his cousin in a corner.

At a little after ten, Waters left, shaking hands with his host and hostess; he was advancing to proffer the same ceremony to Chifney, but that gallant officer bade him good-night with so cold a bow that he stopped short, and stuffed as much of his fingers as he could into his waistcoat pocket.

"Queer chap," he muttered, as he strolled along the street, "to be so familiar, and lead me on so to talk about myself and my affairs, and then to decline shaking hands! But perhaps it has gone out of fashion to shake hands, like taking wine with a fellow at dinner. He is a real swell, though. I wonder who it is he reminded me of; I *have* known some one remarkably like him, I am certain."

Mr. Coutsher saw Waters out, and then went direct to his surgery, so that Cornet Chifney and Mrs. Coutsher were left alone.

"Well, you madcap?" said Mrs. Coutsher.

"You were right, Julia: the man I made a Lara of in my girlish fancy is only fit to turn a mangle; I should make ten times as good a man as he is. I acted my part well, though, did I not?"

"You did, indeed, Lydia. I had a rare job to help laughing."

"I was in a terrible fix once, though: my moustache nearly came off in my napkin! However, I managed to stick it on again. Do you think your husband suspected anything?"

"Well, Lydia, dear, you really must grant my pardon; but the fact is, I told him. He is so sharp, he would have been almost sure to have found you out, and then he might have been taken by surprise."

"Told him, Julia! And he knew that I was a woman all the time!"

"Yes, dear; it was best, indeed. Besides, he might have got jealous, you know, thinking you a live cornet."

"And he knows who I am, too, of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am going to-morrow, so it does not matter, does it? You must drive me to that lane, where I can put a woman's gown over these things, and then take me round to the station."

"Certainly, dear. Oh, how sorry I am that you must go so soon!"

"Never mind, love; I will return after Christmas in my own character."

"That is a promise, mind. And now, dear, tell the truth: you are not altogether sorry to find that Waters is not worth a vow of celibacy, are you?"

"Really, I hardly know."

"You have liked Mr. Robert Staunton a great deal better this long time, have you not?"

"I shan't tell you, inquisitive mother of my fat godchild—there!"

But *I* do not mind telling you, O reader, that she certainly married that chosen one of her parents in the following autumn.

Reader. And does she still ever wear the—the dress?

Actually, no; metaphorically, I cannot say. Married readers must guess.

☞ A good story is told of a distinguished mathematician in the army, remarkable for a want of practical judgment, sometimes seen in other mathematicians. This officer was ordered to construct a bridge over a creek somewhere in the Southern country. He built it, working out the arch by mathematical formulas. When it was done the bridge was found to be under water. He, called upon to explain, said, "Oh, the work is all right, only I used the minus sign instead of plus!"

☞ Experience is a torchlight in the ashes of our delusions.

LITTLE NELL.

BY MARIETTA HAWLEY.

Clasp your arms round her neck to-night,
Little Nell;
Arms so delicate, soft and white,
And yet so strong in love's strange might,
Clasp them around the kneeling form,
Fold them tenderly, close and warm,
And who can tell
But such slight links may draw her back,
Away from the fearful, fatal track?
Who can tell,
Little Nell?

Press your lips to her lips of snow,
Little Nell;
Oh, baby heart, may you never know
The anguish that makes them quiver so;
But now, in her weakness and mortal pain,
Let your kisses fall like a gentle rain,
And who can tell
But your innocent love, your childish kiss,
May lure her back from the dread abyss?
Who can tell,
Little Nell?

Lay your cheek on her aching breast,
Little Nell;
To you 'tis a refuge of holy rest—
But a dying bird never drooped its crest
With a deadlier pain in its wounded heart;
Ah! love's sweet links may be torn apart,
Little Nell;
The altar may flame with gems and gold,
And splendor be bought, and peace be sold;
But is it well,
Little Nell?

Veil her face with your tresses bright,
Little Nell;
Hide that vision out of her sight—
Those deep, dark eyes, with their tender light—
Uplift your pure face, it cannot be,
She will bid farewell to heaven and thee,
Little Nell;
No, your mute lips plead with eloquent power
And her tears fall like an April shower;
It is well,
Little Nell!

Now close your darling eyes in sleep,
Little Nell;
Bright angels o'er thee watch will keep;
At morn a ship will cleave the deep,
And one alone will be borne away,
And one will clasp thee close and pray!
Oh, little Nell,
Never, never beneath the sun,
Will you dream what you this night have done;
Done so well,
Little Nell.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. MOSS IS CONVINCED.

"Who is Mr. N. Moss, of the Old Jewry, and what can such a person want?" asked Lady Harriet, with that peculiar air of being about to take offence which is natural to stiff-backed women. She was in the Tapestry Room, as usual, and the card which Hicks the butler had brought in some fifteen minutes earlier lay on the table before her, and was an eyesore to her aristocratic vision. It was Lord Ulswater for whom this Hebraically named visitor had asked, not for Lady Harriet; but the noble master of the abbey was absent, and had been seen with the head-gamekeeper, at the gate communicating with the home-farm, inspecting some young dogs, of whose performance, during the coming season of partridge-slaying, great things were predicted. There was nothing for it but to request the "gentleman from London" to wait.

"Moss," said Lord Ulswater carelessly, "is a solicitor whom I sometimes employ. A good sort of hard-working lawyer in his own line.—Where is he? The Tower Room, I think you mentioned? He has come on business, of course, and I had better go and learn what it is." So Lord Ulswater took his way to the Tower Room.

Lady Harriet, left behind, shook her head with a long shake of disapprobation. The recognized family solicitors were Castles and Taping, of Old Square, Lincoln's Inn—a safe, slow, broad-wheeled wagon of a firm, not to be hurried, but to be upset either, by side-winds of speculation, as some more specious law-agencies are apt to be. The good old maid had a prejudice against legal gentlemen with Hebrew names, and was sorry to hear that John, present wearer of the coronet, should have dealings with the Semitic race.

"When I wrote to you, Moss, I hardly expected to see you so soon, or, indeed—to see you at all, here, I mean;" such was Lord Ulswater's greeting to the brisk, spruce little attorney whom he found in the Tower Room. "You know my system, by this time."

Mr. Moss looked even more like a sparrow than before as he put his head on one side and threw a sparkle of jocular cunning into his bead-like eyes. His coat, of sporting cut, his profuse display of jewelry, his blue and white neck-scarf, fastened by a ruby-studded horse-shoe of fine gold, his tan gloves, whipstick, and the white hat that he had laid on a carved oak table beside him, jarred oddly with the associations of that huge monastic apartment. He was an irritating anachronism, that little man from the Old Jewry, standing in the Tower Room at St. Pagans.

He had some spirit, though, this defender of thieves and frequenter of betting-rooms, and he met Lord Ulswater's gaze unabashed.

"I know very well, my lord, that you prefer to keep the man that does your dirty work out of the way of your swell friends," said Mr. Moss sturdily; "and I'm not the sort of person, cad as you may think me, to intrude myself where I'm not wanted. But I am a good man of business to a good paymaster, and you are that, my Lord Ulswater. So I think, in putting down here by the early train, to the injury of my regular business, I've deserved a better reception than you seem inclined to give me." And there was an air of injured merit about the attorney which confirmed his statement.

Lord Ulswater had been looking serious and stern, but now a frank, bright smile broke out like actual sunshine, and lit up his handsome face, and the old charm that never man or woman resisted came back to his manner.

"Sit down, Moss," he said genially; "and excuse my churlishness. I have had much to annoy me of late.—No, not money, which I see you are thinking of: I've enough of that; but a man who is about to marry has often as much on his hands as suffices to sour his temper. I wish Castles and Taping were at the bottom of the sea, sometimes. If you were my only lawyer, Moss, I don't think I should have so many vexatious delays to complain of. And I really do not see why I should not take my business out of those people's hands—do you?"

Mr. Moss blinked his bright little eyes, and ducked his well-oiled head, and rubbed his plump hands approvingly. He understood Lord Ulswater well enough. To be sole solicitor to the House of Carnac, would repay him for many a slight, and for much trouble. But he was a great deal too shrewd to calculate on the performance of a promise so vaguely expressed, so he turned from the glittering vision, and explained his errand.

"My lord," the attorney began, "in the first place, on getting your letter, I set certain agencies to work, to find out whether the party you mentioned really was in England. The police thought it impossible. Orders had been given to prevent his leaving West Australia—so I understand, and also to examine the lists of home-coming passengers, with a view to apprehend Sark. So I gather that your lordship has put a spoke in his wheel, of which I knew nothing?"

The owner of St. Pagans nodded assent.

Mr. Moss resumed: "Some other acquaintances of mine, who don't wear blue tunics, with white lettering on the collars, but who know a thing or two, are not quite of the opinion of Scotland Yard. No one has set eyes on Dandy Jem; but Jem's wife was seen, in Clapham, not many days ago, by a lad now in trouble; I've got to defend him—a mere arse-sneak—he was in court the day of Sark's trial, and remembered his wife fainting when the verdict was given against him."

"Clapham! an unlikely place to look for Loys Fleming! Can she be nursery-governess in a serious family? or is Sark himself hiding there in the disguise of a reader, or teetotal lecturer, I wonder?" said Lord Ulswater, with well-feigned indifference.—"No other news, Moss?" He had watched the attorney's face while he told his tale, and saw plainly that Mr. Moss had not yet played out all his hand. It was the card in reserve for which his client waited.

The lawyer's eyes twinkled as he thrust his hand into a pocket of his tight-fitting coat and dragged out a crumpled newspaper, a thin, creased newspaper of that day's issue, and that still seemed damp as when the early news-boy left it at Mr. Moss's door. "I'm an early riser," said the attorney, with the slightly fatuous complacency without which it seems impossible to mention that meritorious habit—"always was. We know what the bird must do that picks up the worm, he! he! my Lord, and it isn't easy to catch *me* napping of a morning. And I always take a peep at the paper before breakfast. I saw something in this that made me send out my skipjack in his pantry-jacket running for a cab, as if a cab had been a fire-engine; and I hardly took time to swallow my coffee—paid double-fare for a scamper to the railway terminus, and saved the train. Here I am; and this"—he gave a thump with his fist to the crumpled paper—"this brought me."

Lord Ulswater, who possessed more than one of the qualities of the great John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, sat serenely calm, surveying the excited little legal practitioner with perfect composure. But very likely this grand indifference was a mere mask, beneath which were hidden impatience, apprehension, and a dim foreboding of woe and calamity to come. "Well, Moss," he said coolly, as the attorney unfolded the paper, with fingers that were less steady than usual, "I am waiting for the development of this tragedy of yours."

"Tragedy you may well call it," returned Mr. Moss, as he hunted for the desired paragraph. "Ah! to be sure—here it is." And without further preface, he began to read aloud. "The Great Cumberland Street Murder.—Additional particulars have transpired since yesterday with respect to this cold-blooded and atrocious crime. Our readers will remember—"

"Very likely they will," interrupted Lord Ulswater; "but I have not the honor to be one of their readers. Spare me that penny-a-liner's jargon, Moss, please. It is a literary language quite *sui generis*, and it sets my teeth on edge, however pleasantly it may titillate the ears of others. So, if you will kindly translate that high-flown rubbish into sober English, I will listen, and be thankful. There has been a murder, then? Do I know the victim?"

Mr. Moss looked Lord Ulswater in the face, straight between the eyes, as he would have done in an interview with one of his customary clients, guests of the governor of Newgate. "Yes, I think so," he said bluntly.

"What is the name, then?" asked Lord Ulswater very quietly; and then suddenly starting and flushing crimson, he exclaimed: "Not that woman—not Sark's wife?"

There was a dreadful longing and eagerness implied in the tone in which those last words were uttered, a longing and an eagerness that would have shocked most men. But Mr. Moss was case-hardened, and not squeamish. He shook his head. "No woman, my Lord. A dead body, that of a gentleman, was found in the river, and was conveyed to a private hotel in Arundel Street, Grupp's by name, on account of a printed card of the hotel being found about the murdered man's person. It was a murder, plainly. The surgeons agreed on that. Skull beaten in by blows of some sharp, heavy implement—perhaps a crowbar or a shipwright's chisel. Robbery not apparently the object. The watch had been snatched away, certainly, part of the broken watch-guard remaining behind, but the money in the pockets, gold and silver, was untouched; so was a porte-monnaie or pocket-book, in which was a fifty-pound note of the Bank of England, quite new, with the name of William Morgan, M.P., endorsed upon it."

Lord Ulswater could not repress a second start. "Morgan! surely not!" he said. "His sister, poor thing, told me he was abroad, on his way to Egypt. Is the body his? Impossible!"

"Not Mr. Morgan's, by any means," returned the attorney; "but I was going to say that it is a curious circumstance that of the cash being found intact. It was a Thames-police boat that picked the corpse up, floating out with the tide. They fancy, at Scotland Yard, that the murderer took the watch to give some sort of color to the act, as a common crime, done for common motives of plunder, and that he meant to rifle the victim, and was disturbed by some one. At any rate, they have found the place, among the wood-piles at the bottom of Great Cumberland Street, where the deed was done. The saw-dust and shavings were soaked with blood, and a crushed hat, with the name of Stephen Marsh—"

"Marsh—of Shellton—the apothecary!" cried Lord Ulswater, springing up from his chair.

"That was the name in the hat; and Mrs. Marsh has been communicated with—so the paper says—and is expected in London to-day, to identify—"

"Is any one suspected? Do they know, or guess, who did it?" interrupted Lord Ulswater, pacing the room with rapid strides.

Mr. Moss shook his head dubiously. "They talk in the usual oracular way," he said: "police on the track—important clue—and so forth, with obvious reasons for not being more explicit at present; but one never knows whether this is mere kidment—bag pardon, my Lord, kidment means empty talk—or whether they have genuine information."

Lord Ulswater continued to pace the room, as men do when they are strongly stirred by some unwelcome tidings. "Poor wretch!" he said impulsively. "When I wrote to you to have him watched, if possible, to see if, in his trip to London, he should hold any communication with Sark and his wife—you bungled that business, I must say, Moss—I little thought— A clownish, butcherly act Do you suspect any one in particular, pray, Mr. Moss?" he added, wheeling short round upon the attorney.

Mr. Moss rose too. "I did suspect somebody," he said, winking and nodding with great significance; "but since I came here—eh?—Mercy on us! my Lord—"

The last words were spoken in a sort of screech, like that of a hen in the hawk's claws; for Lord Ulswater had suddenly caught up his legal adviser, as a strong man might lift an infant, and in a moment more the wretched little attorney found his body thrust through the deep embrasure of the open window, and dangling, helpless, over the gaping depth below, nothing but sky above, nothing but sea below, and four hundred feet of sheer precipice, by which to measure the perils of a fall.

"This is beyond a joke—mercy—I meant—" gurgled the smart little lawyer, as all the sins of his life crowded on his memory at once, and he looked down at the giddy gulf that intervened between him and the sea, and his brain reeled, and he shut his eyes, and groaned, and tried to pray. He was not a coward; but ordinary courage counts for nothing in face of such a prospect as that of imminent, sudden, inevitable death. He was faint and sick when the mighty arms that had pushed him through the deep window lifted him back into the room with equal ease, and dropped him, helpless, on a sofa. He recovered from what was almost a swoon, to see Lord Ulswater standing over him smiling.

"Listen, Moss," he said. "Once, when that poor hound who has gone to his account came here drunk, and tried to get good terms from me by bullying, it was all I could do to refrain from lifting him through that very window, as I lifted you just now, and tossing him, like a pebble, down into the sea that roared and surged four hundred feet below. Do you take warning: never think to get a hold on me by fear, lest you burn your fingers. And for the matter of that, your fancy that *I* knocked that troublesome fellow on the head is a very absurd one. Fifty people could swear to my being here, or at Shellton Manor, all the time. Pshaw! Moss; do you think I am fool enough to bruise my own flesh for the sake of crushing a tossing gnat like that? You ought to know me better, sir."

The attorney adjusted his ruffled cravat, and smoothed down his glossy whiskers. He was much disturbed in soul. Had Lord Ulswater been an ordinary man, his natural pugnacity would have been roused to avenge the late affront he had experienced; but Mr. Moss would as soon have pitted himself against a Bengal tiger as against this radiant, hard, ruthless client of his, all whose habitual suavity seemed to have been reassumed in an instant. So, instead of flying at Lord Ulswater's throat, Mr. Moss began an apology for his implied suspicions, an apology which was graciously accepted.

"This has been a confidential interview, you know, and we understand each other quite well now," remarked Lord Ulswater.—"By the way, does it not occur to you that Sark may have struck the blow?"

Mr. Moss had not thought of such a probability before, nor did he put faith in it then, but it was not for him to contradict a client of Lord Ulswater's stamp. He snapped, therefore, at the idea, and volunteered to get handbills posted, before night, offering a reward for Sark's apprehension. "The government have proposed to give a hundred on conviction: we might add another," he suggested.

Lord Ulswater knit his brows. "No," he said, after a moment's hesitation—"no. On no account, help the police to capture that man; on no account lay a fresh charge against him, false or true, until you hear from me again. I—I cannot quite decide; but find him out if you can. If it costs me a thousand pounds, find him, and do not lose a moment in letting me know his address. Don't telegraph particulars, the Shellton gossips have long ears. The address will do alone."

Mr. Moss promised implicit and discreet obedience; and then, as the attorney must of necessity be hungry, unless, indeed, his mind prospect from the outside of the old Tower window had taken away his appetite, Lord Ulswater rang for refreshments. Had Castles come down on business, or had Taping come down, those eminent solicitors would have been asked to stay and partake of luncheon or of dinner in a regular way, and even stiff Lady Harriet would have been condescendingly civil and kind to the respected family lawyers, who had it in their power to make the wheels of family monetary arrangements run smoothly or the reverse, and to whom many a tangled mortgage account was clear. But Lord Ulswater was too experienced to expect his proud old aunt to sit at table in such company as that of Mr. Moss of the Old Jewry and the Old Bailey.

Mr. Moss, in spite of the curtailment of his breakfast, and his hurried journey to the sea-side, could not eat much. He was a healthy little man enough, and, to use his own expression, could usually play as good a knife and fork as anybody; but the edge was taken off his appetite for that one day. The glimpse he had had of the green shoal-water, flecked with white froth, where the rocks approached the surface, had been too much for his nerves. But he drank several glasses of sherry; and as he got into his hack basket-carriage to be driven back to Shellton Station, he grasped in his hot flabby hand the cool strong hand that Lord Ulswater held out to him, and swore, inwardly, to be true liegeman to his dangerous client for life.

CHAPTER XLV.

BRUM'S ADVICE.

"A person wants to see you, please, sir, which is a shabby-looking old person in a great-coat. He's waiting down-stairs, with his dirty shoes on the new oil-cloth, and won't say what he wants; and I'm a'most frightened of him, missus being out, and me alone in the lower part of the house." Thus spoke the red-elbowed maid-servant who did the manifold work of Mrs. Britton's lodging-house, in Cecil Street, Strand.

James Sark, busy with his model, looked up, vexed at the interruption. Loys, his wife, gave a little start as she sat sewing beside the window, and let the linen and the threaded needle drop upon her lap. "Some old clothes man! Tell him I've no cast-off waistcoats to sell, can't you!" said Dandy Jem, rather peevishly. Much confinement to the house, in the case of a man of active habits, is apt to damp the spirits and sour the temper. The ex-topman of the *Black-cap* was growing irritable, as the weary days went by in the hot, dull London street.

"To tell you the truth, mum," said the girl, addressing herself to Loys, "I'm half afraid to tell the man to go. He's very queer-mannered. I've noticed him this last two or three days, a-slinking and a-blinking about, up and down before the house, and a-peeping down the area, and a-looking up at the windows. I thought he was Rags and Bones at first, but not he; and I'd half a mind to ask our policeman, which he is a civil young man from Hertfordshire, as I am myself, to send him packing. I wish I had."

"Did he ask for any one by name, or did he merely say he should like to speak to somebody?" inquired Loys suddenly, and she put away her needlework, and rose from her chair.

"Gives a double rat-tat at the door, like his impudence, and walks in as bold as brass, mum. Name of Fletcher, says he? You mean the first floors? says I, and then"——

"Hold your chattering tongue!" exclaimed Sark, ill-humoredly. "I must put a stop to this." And he pushed away his model and his tool-box, and got up from his seat; but before he could reach the door, it opened, revealing the figure of a lean, shambling old man, in a brown greatcoat.

"Excuse me," said the intruder, with a grotesque bow, and a flourish of his battered hat—"Excuse me, sir, and madam both. Being so old an acquaintance, though lately lost sight of, I took the liberty. How d'ye do, Mr. F.? And how are you, ma'am?"

The Professor was quite at his ease; and his secretive and cynical soul was gratified by his observing how very red and pale by turns grew the bold brow and face of that notorious dare-devil, Dandy Jem, and how the veins on his broad low forehead swelled, blue and big, and his attitude and look denoted a strong desire to pitch the interloper through the open window into the street.

Old Brum enjoyed all this, as some men enjoy the pattering of the hail and the roar and shriek of the wind while they sit, warm and snug, before the blazing fire. He knew that by a word he could work a change in the other's mood, and he was amused by the mingled surprise, rage, and alarm which his knowing eyes detected in Sark's face. But women, with their intuitive tact, smooth a way many an obstacle at which men only rive and tear, like Titans beneath Etna. Loys glided forward, a smile of welcome on her face.

"I'm sure we are glad to see you, Professor—my husband as well as myself; but how you startled us! We thought you abroad still, and James here hardly knew you, I declare. Sit down, Professor, and we must have a good long talk, now you have found us. That will do!"

This last sentence, with somewhat of an imperative ring in the sound of it, was addressed to the wondering servant-maid, who slowly left the room, with the very natural intention of applying her ear to the keyhole. But against this piece of domestic strategy, Loys guarded, by instantly following the maid from the room, and impelling her down to the lower regions of the house, in quest of certain refreshments of which the visitor might in due course of time be inclined to partake, Mrs. Sark all the while explaining, with apparently unpremeditated frankness, that the Professor was a worthy old man, very well meaning, but a bit of a miser, and eccentric, whom she and Mr. Fletcher had known in foreign parts.

Old Brum and James Sark were left alone together.

"*I* don't tell you, old man, that *I* am glad to see you," said the returned transport, speaking in a cool, determined tone; "I only tell you that I wait to know why you have ferreted me out, and what you want with me."

The Professor's red eyes twinkled maliciously.

"Guess, Jem, guess!" he said, and then began to laugh and to cough, until he was out of breath, and bent his lank old body to and fro in his armchair, gasping.

"I know you, Brum, and you know me," said the Manxman, who had never once averted his eyes from those bleared ones of the visitor. "I hardly think you would sell a pal to the Philistines, but such things happen now and then. But of this I'm sure, anyhow. You are sharp enough to know, that you wouldn't get the reward, whatever it is, if there were a dozen of the police lurking round this house, ready to run in at your whistle." And Sark fell to fingering a long steel file, triangular, firmly fixed in a stout handle of dark wood, and bearing, with its fine point and keen edges, considerable resemblance to a stiletto.

The Professor felt that it was time to lay aside pleasantries, and explain himself.

"Hark ye, Jem," he said, earnestly; "I mean you no harm—quite the contrary. I'm not an ungrateful beggar, and I've not forgot how you and madam there stood by me when I was down in the fever, and poor, cut in Perth, W. A. Twist my neck, if ever you catch me hunting you or yours—it 'll serve me right." A violent fit of coughing here cut short the Professor's eloquence, but after it had left him with watery eyes and aching lungs, he resumed his discourse. "Let us be fair and above board, Jem," he said, laying a skinny finger on Sark's powerful wrist. "If I told you gratitude was the only thing that brought me here, prying and asking about, till I found out your lodgings and your name you went by, you'd say I was chaffing you. If I say I want to turn a penny by you, you'd believe that quick enough. Yet, as true as I've got a plant for getting out a lot of Russian rouble notes, and don't know a chap who'd manage the water-mark and the cashier's signature so well as you could hit 'em off, true as that, even, I've a hankering to help them as was good to me in that furnace of a summer, on the other side of the world. You needn't believe me. I am such an old rip, I can't expect it."

Loys had softly re-entered the room before

these last words were spoken. She came forward and put her head fondly on her husband's shoulder. Her bright eyes had been looking at the Professor as searchingly as if they had really the power to penetrate his high, narrow forehead, and read his thoughts, before they had found their way from the brain to the tongue.

"I think we may trust Brum. I am sure we may," she said kindly and positively.

Sark threw down the sharp-pointed steel file that bore so marked a resemblance to a stiletto.

"I wish nothing better than to be friends, Professor," he said, reseating himself. "I'm getting cross and crusty, boxed up here as I am. I wonder how you knew we were here."

The Professor nodded and chuckled, and coughed more than ever. He was vain of his own skill, as are most men of his moral calibre.

"Old, worncut, toothless Brum," he remarked, with a chuckle between every word of self-disparagement, "can see as far into a millstone as most. I know a thing or two. Something about a fine lord, down in the country, that would fill my old hat with sovereigns, if I'd sell you, which I won't. Something of a seedy doctor from Shelton, that had a long talk with somebody, behind the wood-piles in Great Cumberland Street, and would have had another, next night, with—"

"You are a wizard, I think," interrupted the Manxman, striking his hand hard upon the table.

"I know more than that," cried old Brum, exultingly; "I know who did for the poor devil of a doctor; and that's more than any other man in London does know."

"Do you mean the murder—of poor Dr. Marsh?" asked Loys, in a low, fearful tone, her cheek blanching at the dreadful remembrance of the white, upturned face at Gropp's door.

But on this score, all the old man's communicativeness seemed suddenly to desert him. Murder, he observed, was out of his line altogether—he had always kept out of scrapes of that sort; and he didn't want to be mixed up in them now, with one foot in the grave. He could give as good a guess as another—that was all.

"Give a dog a bad name, though, and you can tag the rest of the saying, Jem, I suppose," remarked the Professor in conclusion. "I know, particular well, you never struck a foul blow in your days, and you was allays a gentleman among as cross coves, you was. But I shouldn't wonder if somebody were to put that very job down to your score, and I shouldn't wonder if twelve men in a jury-box were to say: 'Guilty, my lord.'"

Loys gave a little laugh of indignant unbelief.

"Every one would know it was a lie!" she said, hotly.

But her husband shook his head.

"I shouldn't wonder, lass, if they did. Nothing is too bad to be laid on the shoulders of such as James Sark, the run away convict," he said, sadly, but without much bitterness. It was his own fault, he knew, if honest folks were ready to believe his sins more scarlet than they were. Let the hawk get his living never so blamelessly by pouncing on snake, and weasel, and field-mouse, the farmer's wife will still rejoice mightily when the keeper has nailed him to the barn-door, as the enemy alike of chicken, duckling, and partridge.

The Professor had a keen sense of enjoyment in the triumph of his own opinions. He drummed hard with his lean forefinger upon the dinted crown of his hat.

"Your goodman sees it, Ma'am Sark; he sees it," cackled the old man with his quavering, senile laugh of self gratulation. "Such a lot of evidence, you know," he went on, telling off the points of the argument upon his fingers: "evidence of previous convictions, one; absent, on French-leave, from the tothermost side of the world, two; Mrs. Sark's talks with the poor doctor, first at the corner of Cecil Street, next down by the river, three, four; now the going out, after dark, of both of you, and your being seen down by the wood-piles, that's the thumb. And suppose there's a good sharp lawyer—Moss, for instance—to rake up facts, and the government bigwigs, and somebody down in the country to spend his cash pretty free—why, tchick!" And with a shrill, clucking sound like that of cork-drawing, the Professor put the end of a blue handkerchief round his own scraggy neck, and jerked up his sharp elbow with very expressive pantomime.

"I believe he's right, Loys," said James Sark, gloomily.

Further conversation on the same topic was prevented by the entry of the lodging-house maid with a tray; and bottles were produced from a cupboard, and beer was fetched in a jug, and Brum ate and drank with great enjoyment of his fare. The servant-girl, in consequence of what Mrs. Fletcher had said, eyed this untidy guest from a new point of view, contemplating him with respectful curiosity, in his character of a miser, and watching him as if she expected to see roulsaux of gold drop casually out of his pockets, or rolls of bank-notes peep from beneath the frayed lining of his greasy hat.

When they were again alone together, the Professor unfolded his plan, and pressed its advantages, forcibly, upon James Sark and his wife. His project was simply that the couple should change their lodgings without delay for an abode the security of which he, Brum, would guarantee.

The old man's advice was the more readily accepted on account of its chiming so well with the half-formed resolution which the Manxman had that morning expressed to leave Cecil Street. The refuge which Brum suggested was a more obscure one, and one which might be expected to baffle pursuit. And the Professor, who was very cunning in his way, roughly sketched a plan by which the Sarks and their effects could be transferred to their new quarters, without the knowledge of any myrmidons of the law who might happen to be on duty for the purpose of observing the movements of the suspected. Sark himself added the details needful to perform this project, and a treaty of alliance was concluded between Brum and his young friends.

In the course of that very afternoon, the Professor having gone, and Mrs. Britton having returned, that pattern of landladies was nearly rendered hysterical by the announcement that her model lodgers intended to leave her house, and London, forthwith. But she was comforted by payment of a week's extra rent, and wished them a pleasant journey as they were borne off, trainwards, in a laden cab. Falmouth was the ostensible goal of the journey, and to embark in an American-bound steamer its purport. The luggage was duly labelled, and the tickets were duly taken, per second class, to the furthest available point of railway communication with the West, and in due course of time the bell clanged, and the train started.

Late that night, having made the strangest zig-zag flight, by help of branch lines, omnibuses, and flies, that ever was taken by human travellers, in imitation, apparently, of the eccentricities of a snipe on the wing, Loys and her husband were driven up to the door of a lonely suburban public-house that had been famous and busy in the old coaching days, but that was now a melancholy brick-and-mortar ghost of its old jovial self. There were long ranges of ruinous stabling, where once fifty horses had neighed on ovation to the corn-bin—mildewed sheds, where a row of yellow post-chaises had awaited the call of "first turn out," but which, like the old drivers in their spruce jackets and neat boots, and the old customers, had turned out for ever and a day. There was a feeble light twinkling through the window of that tap-room, in which the noisest and most arrogant footmen of the Georgian regions had bawled and bragged over their beer, and from this tap Brum came slinking at the sound of wheels.

"All right, Jem, eh? Any traps at the station?" he said; and without waiting for a reply, added: "but there! one never knows. Let the coachman wash out his nags mouths, if he wants to—they seem to have come at a goodish pace, and then I'll get on the box and tell him where to drive. It's the last place where you'll be looked for—down yonder among the market-gardens."

CHAPTER XLVI.

ON THE CLIFF.

"I quite agree with Mrs. Hastings, John, if it is to be, it had better be done quickly—the marriage, I mean," Lady Harriet Ashe had said, for about the twentieth time; and Lord Ulswater had replied by some half-jesting allusion to the law's delays, and had gone out. His bachelor-home at St. Pagans was not very pleasant to him now. Somehow, he found himself the mark for suspicion, resentment, or ill-will on every hand. His aunt had been colder, odder, and less placable ever since Ruth Morgan's death. She appeared, tacitly, to regard Lord Ulswater as guilty of cutting short that innocent life; and indeed it was undeniable that that unlucky scene among the ruins at St. Pagans had given a fatal shake to the hour-glass from which the few last sands of Ruth's existence were trickling away.

Lady Harriet had never prized her dead favorite so much when living as she did after the loss of her. She wore as deep mourning for poor Ruth as if the black had been put on for her own nearest kindred. She openly bewailed the estrangement between the unfortunate sister and scapegoat of Fortunatus Morgan and herself, and but just stopped short of a direct accusation against her nephew as the author of the whole evil. Never had she been really fond of gay, gallant John Carnac—never had she been quite able to forgive him for having eclipsed his feeble elder brother during his life, and succeeded to his rank and lands at his death. To the name and race of Carnac she was very truly attached, and there were times, when the present Lord exhibited very great tact in appealing judiciously to her feelings, and to that sort of affection which is engendered by habit, when she almost fancied that the new peer had inherited the loyalty which she had felt for his brother.

The truth would assert itself, however. The old jealousy of the bright boy on whom all the world smiled, and whose undue brilliancy deepened the shadow that enwrapped poor Reginald from his cradle, came strongly to the surface. Lady Harriet had suffered a good many things on account of Lord Ulswater—quarrels with one of her oldest friends, petty slights that only a woman could feel, the unanswered eloquence of Mrs. Hastings when angry and cruel, the lowering of the abbey influence, the gossip of a watering-place. Ruth's death, and the fact that Ruth had insisted on seeing Lord Ulswater before she died, thus, in Lady Harriet's judgment, plainly pointing out the person responsible for her untimely end, filled the cup to overflowing.

The match between Lord Ulswater and Flora Hastings might in some sense be pronounced to be Lady Harriet's work, seeing that she had been her nephew's plenipotentiary to Shelton Manor, and had endured much to bring the negotiation to a happy climax. But now she looked forward to the wedding chiefly as the signal for her own departure from St. Pagans, which had been her home so long, and to which she was attached with almost a feline adhesiveness. She meant to wash her hands of John her nephew, for whose benefit such opportune misfortunes seemed to fall on the heads of those who stood between him and the warm rays of prosperity. She did not exactly blame him because Reginald, his wife, and his infant son, had all died so conveniently out of the way of the brilliant cadet. But she did not feel the more cordially towards him because they had dropped out of his path, just as a mother might illogically dislike the maiden who should wear the jewels that she remembered on the neck and bosom of her dead daughter, however legitimately the ornaments might have changed owners. But for Ruth's death Lady Harriet did blame Lord Ulswater, and perhaps the more unswervingly because of the old grudges against him that she was loath to acknowledge. To do him justice, he had no intention of disturbing the ancient mistress of the abbey in her vice-regal reign. "Flora and I don't want to turn you out, aunt," he had said laughing: "the house is too big for us. It would ruin us to live here. Petham will suit us fifty times better, and we shall be in London a good deal, you know."

But Lady Harriet was inexorable. She would not be cajoled. Her determination to give up the keys, and resign her dignity of deputy-queen-regnant over St. Pagans was as firm, not to say obstinate, as ever was that of the most dogged minister who ever pressed his resignation on a reluctant monarch. Go she would; and whether her nephew chose to bring his bride to St. Pagans, or whether he would content himself with the modest comforts of Petham, which was a red brick mansion in the Vale of White Horse, more fit, according to the standard which public opinion sets up, for a squire than for a peer of England, was nothing to her.

On the other hand, the affianced suitor of Miss Hastings could not but feel, now and then that open enmity would have been pleasanter than the ostentatious forgiveness and forbearance of his future father-in-law and mother-in-law. The Right Honorable Robert was one of those men who are unfortunately disqualified, partly by nature, and partly by official habits, for anything like intercourse on equal terms. Such persons resemble schoolmasters, who commonly alternate between awful oracular wisdom and awkward deference, according to their company. Mr. Hastings, in his intercourse with the great chiefs of his party and his clan, could be self-restraining and almost humble. He was as meek as any sucking-dove when he wore the Windsor uniform. There were a few dignitaries of state, Royal Highnesses, and leviathan Dukes, whom he treated as superior beings, but to the rest of the world he could hardly help exhibiting the dictatorial side of his character.

There was little satisfaction to be derived from such conversations as Lord Ulswater held with his intended father-in-law. The young peer had not proved as malleable in politics as the seniors of Shelton Manor had anticipated. He was moderate in his tone, and accessible to reason, but he showed no time serving alacrity in abandoning his party.

"It would hardly do for an English gentleman, I think, to give up the losing side just because of its ill success. *Victa Catoni*, you know, is a good sentiment, even if the quotation is a little hackneyed. If your people would give me the Bucharest Legation, as you were good enough to say just now, I should perhaps accept it, but not as payment for my vote and interest." In these and similar words did Lord Ulswater receive and parry the gruff overtures of his father-in-law, and the more gracefully put propositions of the female diplomatist of the family.

"Let him do as he likes," the testy minister would remark to his prudent wife. "I suppose the truth is, he would rather not rat just now that there's a rumor of Lord Tintagel's coming in on the hop-duty question. Hang his vote! That of any one of Morgan's borough members would have been twice as useful. The Commons govern the country."

Meanwhile, there were other sources of dissatisfaction. Flora's brother, the Secretary of Embassy, had come home from the uttermost parts of Europe, on leave of absence, expressly as it seemed, to make himself disagreeable. He was a heavy, flaccid, pompous young man, looking several years older than he was, with his prematurely bald temples and peevish mouth. The young attachés who served under him called him a prig, and his chief was privately of opinion that the young attachés were right. But Cosmo Drummond Eliot Russell Hastings was a Porphyrogenite, born in the purple of officialism, even as his father had been, and he was very sure of promotion, G C B. ships, and other birthrights of the race from which he sprung.

Cosmo had come home in the worst possible temper. The heir of Shelton Manor was never very well supplied with ready money. All that his parents could leave, was to be his. For his sake, the Right Honorable Robert had been at work for years, adding field to field, planting here, building there, scraping together driblets of money and outlying scraps of land, and going through all the labor of what is called making an estate. But making an estate is an expensive process, and the allowance of the heir-apparent had never kept pace with his requirements. Cosmo was unmarried, waiting, most probably, till some rather plain she-cousin of suitable years, and belonging to one of the noble families with which he was allied by blood, and out of the pale of whose connection marriage would have been a wilful throwing away of influence, should be found for him. A pretty cousin, as he knew, would be out of his reach, for there were plenty of kinsmen, born in the purple too, whose pretensions were loftier; but bachelors can be in debt as well as Benedicts, and Cosmo Hastings was in debt.

Cosmo was in debt, not over head and ears, as the phrase is, not deep sunk enough in the black waters of impecuniosity to be in immediate danger of drowning, but far enough in for discomfort. He owed a good deal to a good many people—lawyers, tradesmen, moneylenders, and even friends. He owed several hundred pounds, in particular, to William Morgan, who had been very open-handed in his dealings with the only brother of the girl he loved. It had so happened that when Mrs. Hastings was so extraordinarily lucky in netting the Cramlinghan Croesus for her daughter, young Hastings had been in London, hanging about the Foreign Office, in expectation of that appointment to H. B. M.'s Embassy (at the court of His Highness the Vladika of Montenegro,) which he afterwards received. He belonged to clubs where men with cool heads and mathematical minds, and men with hot heads and no minds worth speaking of, play whist for heavy stakes. Unluckily for himself, Cosmo belonged to the latter category. His heart was cold, but his head was hot with rash joy when he won, and rasher obstinacy when he lost. He did lose, more by about eleven hundred pounds, than he could pay; and debts of honor cannot be shelved like the claims of West-end tailors. Morgan lent Cosmo the eleven hundred pounds.

And now he must pay the money back for shame's sake, he must do it, if it cost him the ruin of a fresh bond to back his bygone post-obits. Cosmo was mean of spirit, but he could not be mean enough to remain under obligation to the man whom his sister had jilted. On that very ground he was furious with his sister. He really seemed to think himself deeply injured, and that she had treated him basely in breaking off her engagement. There would have been no harm in owing a trifle, or many trifles, to a brother-in-law whose riches were so proverbial. Also, there was a man who had tried the army, and the militia, and the wine-trade, and gentleman-farming, and who, having a stray thousand or two yet unspent, hankered after the post of land-steward to one of Morgan's estates, and had somehow diplomatically given Cosmo Hastings to understand, through the medium of a mutual friend, that a splendid *douceur* would reward his good offices in the candidate's behalf. That was out of the question now.

And Cosmo was at home, very sulky, walking out of a room as Lord Ulswater entered it, barely civil at best to his brother-in-law elect, and keeping up a sort of chronic quarrel with poor Flora, who was fond of him, as sisters commonly are fond of elder brothers. He did not scold her, but he preached lay-sermons on her fickleness; he complained of his own lot, and bewailed his loss of such a friend as Morgan, and snarled at her, and would not be appeased. No wonder that Miss Hastings was a little impatient to escape from a home that contained the elements of so much strife, and that the delays of the slow, steady lawyers, as they plodded through the settlements, appeared in a different point of view to her than when she had contentedly awaited the close of her old betrothal.

Lord Ulswater's life was not so very pleasant to him, after all. There were times when even Flora seemed a little afraid of him: times when a shadow darkened his brow, and his face was sad and stern, and his buoyant spirit had lost its elastic strength. He looked paler than before, and almost ill, and began to take a morbid pleasure in being alone—something quite foreign to the habits of popular John Carnac. His temper grew uncertain, too, and the servants saw a sullen something in his eye that boded no good, and they did their spiriting gently, and kept out of my Lord's way as men-of-war's men avoid the captain when he walks the quarter-deck frowningly. He grew fond of repairing to the extreme edge of the cliff, just beyond the ruins, where the path, seldom used, had been broken away by weather and time, and there were rifts and seams through which the white chalk gleamed, like underground snow.

Here he stood, then, on the day following that which saw the Sarks change their lodgings in Cecil Street for others of Brum's providing—stood on the giddy verge of the white precipice, looking down. Nerves of steel were wanted for the task of standing on that spot, the threshold, as it were, between life and death, and gazing down so steadily and so long. There is a ghastly fascination in such a prospect. The depths below tempt and call the gazer; the waves that beat so far beneath take half human shape of syren or mermaid, and wreathe their white arms, and beckon and smile a treacherous invitation to a mortal lover; the smooth sand, the million-pebbled beach, the rocks fringed with green sea-grass and red wreck-weed, all find a tongue to cry: "Come to us." There is a weird fascination in thus meeting death face to face, that it is hard for any but the strong-brained to resist. The timid and the bold are alike conscious of the haunting wish to take the plunge—that one step onward.

Lord Ulswater's brain did not reel, and his heart beat no quicker, and he gazed and gazed, to all appearance as proof against rebellious nerves as the unimaginative coast-guardsman, on a peak a mile away, who was bending over the rocky parapet to satisfy himself that some dark weed-grown boulders were really rocks, and not tubs or tobacco bales. But he was conscious of the fatal beauty of the syrens, too, and heard their sweet, low song in the ripple of the tide. "One plunge," he said, "and I should be as wise as the wisest of the dead. The great secret lies within the reach of a simple forward movement. All that men have hoped, and feared, and longed for, or shrunk from for ages untold, would be known to me, were I but to let my life drop, like a stone torn from the cliff-wall, into that shoal water frothing on the reef. Have I anything to hold me back? Not Flora; she can never know me as I am. I must wear my mask always, until the hour comes, and it is snatched away, and then she, too, will turn from me. I"——

"Beg pardon, my Lord—a letter!" said a respectful voice, and Lord Ulswater turned and met the eyes of one of his grooms, beside whom stood a lad in a smock-frock. It was the lad in the smock-frock who held the letter, an ugly, blotted epistle, between his dirty finger and his dirty thumb. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Watching the Stars.

Quite an amusing incident took place some time ago, in a town about three miles and a half east from here, towards the rising sun. It appears that a young man had been paying some attention to a young lady, but had only ventured home as far as the gate till last week, when, carried away with the excitement, he ventured to step inside, after being assured by the fair damsel that all would be right. Having for a while quite anxiously waited for the first star to shoot, the old gentleman of the establishment stepped into the parlor, and looked over his spectacles at the surprised couple, but before any questions were asked, the young lady spoke up, and says:

"Pa, we are waiting to see the stars shoot!"

"Yes, you are, hey? well, go to bed, and I'll sit up with this young man; when the stars shoot, I'll tell you," replied the interesting parent, casting a side glance at the feller.

The young man sat a while quietly, without speaking, when he got up, and looking out of the window, remarked, "he didn't think the stars would shoot after all, and guessed he'd go." The young man says he shan't very soon forget watching for the stars to shoot, and most of all he was afraid of, after the gal went to bed, that the darned things would *shoot*.

Couldn't be Fooled.

A genuine Fenian damsel, fresh from the green soil of her native land, seeing an advertisement in a newspaper in this city, to the effect that a chambermaid was wanted at 72 ——— street, quickly donned her best bib and tucker, and made application at No. 27 of the same street, when the following dialogue occurred:—

Lady of the House—What's wanted?

Girl—You advertised for a chambermaid.

Lady—You must be mistaken; I do my own work.

Girl—No, I am not; it was in the morning paper.

Lady—Where did it say inquire?

Girl—At No. 72 ——— street.

Lady—This is No. 27. No. 72 is further up the street.

Girl—This may be 27 coming down the street; but I came up as I came here, and that makes it No. 72. You can't fool me, if I have just landed.

SINGULAR STATE OF THINGS.—Some weeks ago a special agent of the Post Office Department reported to the Postmaster-General that he had detected frauds perpetrated by the postmaster at Greensburg, Indiana, and that the postmaster had admitted that his book-entries had been changed, &c. Upon this showing the postmaster was suspended. When Congress met, the facts were certified to the Senate, and a new postmaster nominated. The Senate rejected the nomination, and under the Tenure of Office law the old postmaster is reinstated in office. The Postmaster-General on Monday notified the reinstated officer of the action of the Senate, and added:—"You are respectfully requested, as a favor to the department, to use as little of the money of the government and make as few false entries as possible."

☞ An old miser, who was notorious for self denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser; "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you tried any victuals?" inquired the friend.

☞ A Marcillon, Ohio, paper quotes butter at twelve cents a pound at that place, and eggs fourteen cents per dozen.

Dr. Johnson's Definitions.

It is well known that Dr. Johnson made the definitions of his Dictionary the repositories of his spite, prejudice and sarcasm. His definition of the word *Oats*, in which he indulges his spleen against Scotchmen by defining it as "a grain, which in England is generally given to horses but in Scotland supports the people," and which provoked from a patriotic Scot the retort, "And where will you find such men—and such horses," is familiar to the reading public, but many others equally characteristic of the testy old lexicographer are not so well known. The following specimens illustrate not only his spite and sarcasm, but his pomposity of language:

COUGH: A convulsion of the lungs, vellicated by some sharp serosity.

EXCISE: A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

FAVORITE: A mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.

GALLOWSTREE: The tree of terror.

GRUBSTREET: The name of a street near Moorfields, London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems.

MAN: Not a woman, 3, Not a boy, 10, Not a beast.

NETWORK: Anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.

PENSION: An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it generally understood to mean pay to a state hireling for treason to his country.

PIRATE: A sea robber, any robber; particularly a bookseller who seizes the copies of other men.

SCRUB: A mean fellow, either as he is supposed to scrub himself for the itch, or he is employed in the mean offices of scouring away dirt.

When the doctor wrote the above definition of the word "*Pension*" he had not received his own pension from the government. He probably took a different view of the matter after that!

A Singular Reformatory Village.

Some British officers in India have successfully tried a novel expedient for making the idle and vicious in districts under their control become honest and industrious members of the community. The experiment was begun in 1860, in the Punjab. Through the instrumentality of the police, those persons in the various villages who had rendered themselves obnoxious by thieving or begging, were placed in a village by themselves, where land was given them, wells were sunk, and they were furnished with agricultural implements. They were then informed that they must henceforth depend on their own exertions; and that, whether living comfortably by their industry or dying with hunger from their idleness, they would not be allowed to quit the spot where they had been placed. At first, as may be imagined, there was great grumbling, much turbulence, and many threats; but when the men found that *these* were all in vain, and that the government *intended* what it had ordered, they gradually took to their work, and after a time settled down into a peaceful and industrious little community.

They have acquired a pride in their cottages and allotments, are better clad, more cleanly in their habits, and in every respect much altered for the better. Indeed they have become so reconciled to the change in their mode of life, that they one and all declare that they have no wish to return to their former career. In another case a predatory tribe were compelled to settle and cultivate under penalty of the lash, and at the end of two years the officers were invited by their reclaimed thieves, burglars and fortune-tellers, to a feast on the produce of their farms.

The Sandwich Island government has adopted the same system in regard to the lepers on those islands, who have been colonized by themselves and are obliged to cultivate the ground for a subsistence.

☞ Two devil fish—the sea-monsters described by Victor Hugo in his "Toilers of the Sea"—have been taken and carried to San Francisco by some Italian fishermen. The head is about the size of a sturgeon's, is joined to a sort of sack, from which hang eight long pendants or arms, whichever they may be, that are covered with suckers or valves resembling in shape and size the human ear, and, like the main body, of a white gelatinous appearance. Take a large sturgeon and cut his body into strips, from the gills to the tail; spread them out with the head in the centre, and you have some idea of the appearance of the devil-fish. They are found all along the North Pacific coast, but are seldom captured, owing to the danger attending that operation. The two in San Francisco measure six feet from the end of their noses to the tip of their arms.

☞ A kind-hearted and witty clergyman entering the house of one of his elders one morning, found the old man unmercifully whipping one of his sons, a lad about fourteen years old, and at once commenced interceding for the boy. The deacon defended himself by saying that youth must be early trained in the way it should go—"It was best to make an impression when the wax was soft." "Ay," said the pastor, "but that don't hold here, for the *whacks were not soft*." The deacon let the boy go.

☞ THE LION'S DEN.—A veritable story is told of a bright little girl, who attending Sunday school for the first time, was asked, "Who went into the lion's den?" The little one appearing puzzled and not answering, the teacher commenced spelling to awaken the child's recollection—"D-a-n." "I can tell now," exclaimed the three-year-old, all smiles; "it was Dan Rice."

☞ NO SPOTS ON THE SUN.—One of our correspondents calls attention to the unusual fact that the sun presents at this time, the rare appearance of being entirely free from spots. A telescope of considerable power fails, he says, to show the slightest speck on its disc.

☞ Returns of the registration in Alabama show that there will be a majority of about twenty-five thousand colored voters in the state. Twenty counties where the negroes have majorities will elect over half the delegates to the State Convention.

☞ MUST BE HEALTHY.—In reply to the question whether the Nicholson pavement is healthy, a Western paper says that all the contractors have got fat on it.

☞ Mr. Beecher is perplexed with his "Norwood" characters, and it is reported that he recently said he "felt tempted to get up a grand railroad accident, and kill them all off at once."

MAXIMILIAN'S DEATH.

INTERESTING ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF THE ARCHDUKE'S EXECUTION—THE LAST WORDS OF THE CONDEMNED.

From the San Louis Potosi Correspondence of the Ranchero, June 28.

When at six o'clock on the morning of the 19th of June, the parties sentenced were taken out of the Convent of Capuchins, the Emperor, leaning for a moment against the door, looking at the heavens, said to L'orentiate Ortego one of his defenders, "What beautiful heavens! It is such as I desired for the hour of my death." Then they all got into a carriage with a priest. All of them (Maximilian, Miramon and Mejia) were dressed in the most elegant style, as if going to a party. They started for the Cerro de la Campana in a square of four thousand men under arms, to a point distant about one hundred paces from the place where Maximilian surrendered on the 15th of May, the place for the execution having been selected beforehand.

The Emperor got down from the carriage, and marching with head erect, with great firmness, and shaking the dust off his clothes in a very natural manner, inquired who were the soldiers that were to fire upon him, and to each of them he gave one ounce of gold, begging them to aim well at his heart. The little officer that was to command the execution said to the Emperor, that he regretted thinking that he might die with resentment toward him as commanding the execution, but that he had to comply with his orders, and further added that if it depended upon him, with all his heart he disapproved of all that was going to be done. The Emperor, with admirable frankness, said:—"Child, a soldier must always comply with his orders. I thank you with all my heart for your good sentiments, but I exact that you comply with the orders that have been given to you."

He then approached Generals Miramon and Mejia and embraced them cordially three times, saying to them:—"In a few moments we will meet in the other world." Miramon and Mejia did as Maximilian. At that moment Maximilian occupied the centre; turning to Miramon he said:—"General, a brave man is admired by monarchs; I want to give you the post of honor," and placed him in the centre. Then turning to Mejia, he said:—"General, what is not rewarded on this earth will be in Heaven." Mejia was very low spirited, because a few moments before his wife, who had just been delivered, ran crazy through the streets of Queretero with her new-born child in her arms, a scene that would have brought tears to a tiger's eye.

Advancing a few steps, the Emperor, with extraordinary coolness, and in a loud, clear voice, spoke as follows:—"Mexicans, men of my class and my origin, who are animated with my sentiments, are destined by Providence to make the happiness of a people or be their martyrs. When I came among you I did not bring with me any illegitimate ideas, as I came called by the Mexicans who desired the welfare of their country, and who to-day succumb with me. Before stepping in the grave, I will add that I take with me the consolation of having done all the good in my power, and the satisfaction of not having been abandoned by my true and beloved generals. Mexicans, may my blood be the last spilled, and may it regenerate Mexico, my unfortunate, adopted country." He then stepped to one side, and with one foot advanced, his hands crossed on his chest, with his eyes raised toward Heaven, he quietly awaited death.

Miramon then clearing his voice, took from his pocket a little paper, and, as if addressing a body of troops while passing a review, moving his eyes upon that square of four thousand men as coolly as if he were on parade, said:—"Soldiers of Mexico, my countrymen, I find myself here sentenced to die as a traitor. When my life does not belong to me, when in a few brief moments I will be no more, I proclaim before you and the whole world that I have never been a traitor to my country. I have fought for her, and to-day I fall with honor. I have children, but they can never blame their father for this infamous calumny that I am to-day charged with. Mexicans, long live Mexico, and long live the Emperor!" Those *vivas* he shouted with all the might of his voice. Everybody was consternated, a few tears ran, and they all three embraced for the last time and fell like heroes.

Not a soul from Queretero was present at the execution; the streets were deserted and all the houses closed. The three corpses were embalmed; that of Maximilian measures two and a quarter varas. His heart was of an unusual size. It is said that Maximilian left to each of Miramon's children fifty thousand dollars, and in his will he recommends to his brother, Francis Joseph, to have them educated as his own children, and not to forget that they are the two sons of his most loyal and devoted friend, who accompanied him unto death. Mejia left his son to Escobedo! What remorse for that executioner, who fell into Mejia's hands several times, and who always pardoned him his miserable life.

A merchant of Brownsville also furnishes the *Ranchero* with several interesting items in relation to the execution. The compiler of these says:—

On the 16th a handkerchief was presented to Maximilian to cover his eyes with, which he refused smiling, and answering that he was accustomed to look into the muzzles of rifles. He made a present of it to his confessor.

It had been granted to the three victims to be shot in the breast, for the purpose of embalming the bodies, and it was prohibited on pain of death to the executioners, to hit the head of one of them.

The coolness and bravery with which these three unfortunate men have met death, is not to be described. Maximilian, instead of being in want of consolation, has quieted those who tried to console him.

Shortly before the execution took place, probably with the view of tormenting him more; Maximilian received the false news that Carlotta had died. He immediately answered relieved:—"Now I am quite calmed and easy; I have nothing more to lose in this world."

There had been a German doctor required to embalm the body of Maximilian, but the Liberals have themselves taken charge of this duty, stating that now, when he is dead, they would attend him with honors belonging to an Austrian Prince.

Another letter from San Luis, of the 28th, says:—"The body of Maximilian is yet in a church in Queretaro, and will not be delivered to the Hamburg Consul, as was at first reported. All the arrangements had been made, when the Government refused to give it up. They say that the proper time has not yet arrived, and when it does that it must become the subject of a treaty."

Americans are particularly obnoxious among the Liberals here since the request of the United States Government that Maximilian be not shot, and of all American papers that are named none is so much abused as the *Ranchero*.

WHAT ARE NEEDED.—Some new inventions, the Boston Transcript thinks, are needed in this country. Among those needed inventions it specifies several that would be of great benefit. It says there ought to be a method devised of using steam on common roads. Some cheaper material and process for making paper is the great want of the age, and, if realized, would give a mighty impulse to civilization. The heating and cooking in our houses ought to be done by one and the same apparatus. There is a need of something that shall be convenient as a pencil and as legible and durable in its tracings as those of pen and ink; there is a demand for unquestionable water-tight blacking; and there ought to be a boot which should have some distant resemblance to the human foot, and yet both comely to the eye and comfortable to the foot.

SINGULAR CHANGE.—A letter from Washington, whose statements are endorsed as reliable in very strong terms by the *Worcester Spy* and the *Anti Slavery Standard* (Wendell Phillips's paper) says that "three-fifths or more of the original Union men of the South—yes, I believe now nine-tenths of them—including Judge Sharkey, Gov. Parsons, Perry, Orr, Helper, Marvin and Worth—now hate the government and hate the Radical party." On the other hand, he says that those who have been rebel soldiers are often among the best friends (as the others are the most bitter opponents) of reconstructing under the present Military Bill. Sharkey, Parsons, Perry, &c., all unite in urging the Southern people to register themselves and vote "no convention."

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, N. Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY is one of those capital ideas which are part and parcel of a true testimony. Every housekeeper knows the terrible trash, a mixture of sloe leaves, hay, &c., sold as Tea by the majority of grocers, and when they can get the very best and genuine article at the lowest possible rate, by sending to 31 and 33 Vesey street, we are sure it only requires their being told the fact to induce them to purchase their Tea of The Great American Tea Company. Persons living in the country have only to send the amount, and the address, and it will be forwarded by return to them, with the trifling addition of the carriage. Or three or four persons, or more, might send their orders which would diminish the expense. In a word, if any of our readers have bad Tea and pay a large price for it the fault is theirs.

CABINET ORGANS.—Mason & Hamlin have gained a great reputation for the excellence and durability of their workmanship, and they allow no instrument to go out of their factory which, through any defect, would be likely to injure the "good report" of them which now everywhere prevails. They take equal pains with their small and their large organs. All of them are warranted, and are perfectly reliable. The variety and beauty of the effects which can be produced with some of the large instruments are truly surprising, and can be properly understood and appreciated only by such intelligent persons as have heard these organs fully and effectually displayed.—*Providence Journal.*

☞ Agassiz says the Florida reefs were 70,000 years in being formed.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues very dull. About 2000 bbls sold at $8@8 25 for superfine, $8 75@9 25 for extra, $9@9 50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $10@13 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@16 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour small sales are making at $9 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of new Wheat have increased; 21,000 bus fair to prime new red sold at from $2 30@2,50; small lots of Delaware white at $2,75, and 800 bus of Kentucky white at $2,75 ₩ bus. Rye—4000 bus sold at $1,05@1,07 ₩ bus. Corn—2,000 bus of western mixed sold at $1,10@1,15, and 10,000 bus of prime yellow at $1 15@1,18 ₩ bus. Oats—28,000 bus sold at from 88@92c.

PROVISIONS—There has been more doing. Small sales are making at $24 50@25 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 19@20c ₩ lb for plain and fancy barged Bacon Hams; 17@18c for pickled do; 12½@13c for salt Shoulders; and 13c ₩ lb for prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at from $17@20 for Western, and $25@27 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $42@43. Butter—Small sales are making at 38@45c ₩ lb for roll, and 38@43c for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 13@16c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 26@28c ₩ doz.

☞ Other articles same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1650 head. The prices realized from 17@18 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10@10,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Worth of his Money.

Theatrical managers can relate some funny experiences, particularly of raids into the provinces. McVicker, now one of the most successful of our Western managers, relates the following: It was in the year 184–, when business in general was very dull, and theatricals particularly so, that I was managing a theatre in Chicago. As the treasury was rapidly being exhausted, I determined to close up, and, as a last resort, take a few people and go on a gagging tour among the small villages and towns. At one little village, a lank, old fellow came to the door and endeavored to get some reduction from the twenty-five cent admission fee, in consideration of bringing his entire family.

"You see," said he, "we like to go to shows, and we make it a pint to patronise all that come here. We're all coming—me and the old woman and all the young uns, twelve on us all, and we live five miles out. Can't you put it to us at about twenty cents a-piece?"

Which I couldn't do of course, as I was sure that the old fellow and his folks were coming any how.

"Wall, its putty tough, but here's the dough. Give me the tickets."

That night they were all there, from the old man and woman down to the three-year old. The next day the old man appeared again at the box office.

"Se here you, me and the old woman and all the young 'uns was to your show last night."

"How did you like it?"

"Wall, we liked it—never saw the old woman laf so in my life afore. But ye see, I don't think we quite got the wuth of our money, squire."

"How so?"

"I'll tell ye. My youngest boy got putty sleepy along about the middle. I 'spect he wouldn't done it if you'd commenced when you advertised. You know, yourself, it was about twenty minutes after the time advertised afore you histed your rag. You had a feller fiddlin', to be sure, but he was the wust fiddler I ever heerd. We've got some putty hard fiddlers in this 'ere town, but he was wus than all on 'em. Well, as I was sayin', my youngest got sleepy along about the middle of your play actin', and slept through the last act; so you see, me and the old woman think we didn't git quite the wuth of our money. I've always made it a rule if a show didn't give me the wuth of my money, to make 'em. Howsumever, if you'll let me in free to-night, I'll call it quits. It's your fault that the boy went to sleep, not commencin' when you advertised."

As the old fellow had lost half-a-day's time to come in from the country to see about it I concluded to "call it quits" on his terms.

Anecdote.

While travelling in Western Virginia, happening one day to be in a dry goods store situated in a small village, an old lady from the country came in. She purchased several articles of the clerk, and at length observing a neatly painted and varnished bellows hanging by a post, she inquired what it was. The clerk perceiving that the old lady was rather ignorant, and being something of a wag, informed her that it was a new fashioned fan which he had lately received from the East, at the same time taking the bellows down and puffing with it in his face, telling her that was the mode of operation. The old lady repeated the operation on herself, and was so delighted with the new fan, that she purchased it forthwith and departed.

On the next day our informant, the minister, had an appointment to preach at a school-house in the neighboring county. The congregation being assembled, while the minister was in the act of reading the hymn, who should pop in but the old woman with her new fashioned fan, and having taken her seat, immediately commenced puffing away in good earnest. The congregation knew not what to make of it—some smiled and some looked astonished, but the ludicrous prevailed over everything else, and to such an extent, that the minister himself was obliged to stop reading, and to hand the book to his brother in the desk. After the usual preliminary services, he rose to preach, but there sat conspicuously the old lady with the bellows in front, a hand hold of each handle, the nose turned up towards her face, and with much self-complacency puffing the gentle breeze into her face. What to do or how to proceed he knew not, for he could not cast his eyes over the congregation without meeting the old lady. At length summoning resolution, and trying to feel the solemnity of the duty imposed on him, he proceeded. He finished his discourse, but it cost him more effort than any before or since.

A Practical Joke.

Out West there lived two young fellows who painted signs for a livelihood. On a certain occasion one of the painters had some out-door business to attend to, and left the shop in charge of his partner and a boy who was employed to grind paints. During his absence, the partner, to gratify a whim, painted the boy so as to represent a large gash upon his forehead, and a cut over the eye. He bespattered the floor with red paint, clotted the boy's hair, and made him lie down in a corner, after which he painted a great gash on his own cheek, bared his bosom, disordered his dress, dipped a long-bladed knife in the red paint-pot, and patiently awaited the coming of his partner. Directly afterward he heard him at the door, and then the performance commenced. The partner looked in at the door, and saw the boy prostrate on the floor, groaning and crying murder; chairs, tables, benches, jugs and paint-pots being strewed round the room in dire confusion, while the murderous-looking partner, with the red knife in his uplifted hand, was running through the room uttering wild and incoherent expressions.

It was evident to the partner at the door that his partner had killed the boy. Swift as lightning he fled to obtain assistance, and a number of friends were speedily mustered, and repaired to the scene of the supposed terrible tragedy. The crowd augmented as it neared the shop, and in walked the whole posse; but in the meantime everything had been set to rights; the boy was without a mark of any kind, the room in perfect order, no marks of blood perceptible; and the man, who was engaged in lettering a sign, declared his utter ignorance of what his partner alleged to have occurred. The company left, hinting to one another that the man who had seen the sight must be a little touched in the head, or suffering from illusions caused by too free use of ardent spirits.

FEARFUL ORDEAL FOR JONES.

An Italian signora is singing "*Roberto, tu che adoro.*" She is rapt in dramatic inspiration, and as she sings she unconsciously fixes her ardent gaze on the bashful Jones, who happens to be standing near, and whose first name is Robert! Jones's agony is simply inconceivable.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farmers' Wives and Daughters.

BY H. C. MERRIAM.

Notwithstanding all that poets have sung, or novelists have written, of the captivating charms of the Dairy Maid, of her cheeks on which the lilies and roses vie, her breath as sweet as the new mown hay, her laugh as merry as the chirp of mating birds, and her step as elastic as the gazelle's; it was stated in a report to the legislature of an agricultural state in 1862, that of 607 patients in an insane asylum, thirty-nine were farmers' wives, and sixteen farmers' daughters, and that no other class of wives and daughters "were so numerous." This disparity is undoubtedly caused by the thoroughly unprofitable neglect of farmers to provide all those comforts and labor-saving conveniences necessary to relieve the trials, and the everlasting monotonous hard labor of their wives, to keep the affairs of the household in running order, while they can cultivate their corn, (*and ride all the time*) cut, thresh, and clean their grain by horse power, with less than half the fatigue of a washing day or a woman's ordinary day's work on the majority of large farms. Yet the condition of farmers' wives and daughters on well regulated farms, is far superior to that of women in other more popular occupations. They are relieved from the uncertainties of mercantile pursuits, the perils of commerce and traffic. Half the wives were made widows, and half the children fatherless, of one of the towns on Cape Cod by the effects of a single storm.

Farmers' wives enjoy good health, live a quiet, and long, and happy life on well managed farms, unvexed with rivalries, undisturbed with the impertinence of fashionable follies, blessed with plenty and prosperity, surrounded by truthfulness and sincerity, and in the evening of life find in their true-hearted and sensible daughters, no Flora McFlimseys to disturb their happiness or ruin their husbands, while the wives of merchant princes and money kings, in a multitude of cases, by the reverses of fortune, inevitable in all pursuits not connected with the soil, pine away in tears and destitution, and die in poverty and neglect. The self-denial, the ever-abiding interest of farmers' wives in the prosperity, comfort, and respectability of their husbands and children, and the heroic and uncomplaining spirit with which they labor to achieve these ends, though worthy of angelic admiration, are often poorly appreciated by their husbands and children. This want of attention and appreciation and a corresponding interest to relieve and aid the anxiety she feels for her husband's debts, is the cause of the unfavorable fact we state in the above report. So much labor is permitted, if not generally required, of farmers' wives, not from design, but by inattention and neglect to both the amount of her labors and cares, and the ready and available means of avoiding them, we believe that it is perfectly true that the wife works harder, and more hours, than any other person on the farm. Every morning, noon, and night, breakfast, dinner, and supper, the dairy, the washing and ironing, children's clothes to make and mend, the sick to nurse and watch, make up the daily routine of their work, and occupy them often till the small hours in the morning, while all other members of the family are lost in balmy sleep.

To relieve these labors by labor saving economies, to have them properly appreciated, is the object and motive of this article. In the first place, these labors of women in rural life may be relieved by many, by treating their wives with absolute deference and respect, particularly in the presence of children and servants. If the wife is not always treated with that tenderness and affection which is her due, children and servants soon learn to treat her disrespectfully—to disobey her just commands; therefore all domestic affairs are deranged, and little system or thrift indoors or out is the result.

Then let absolute obedience to, and respect for, her commands and authority be enjoined strictly upon servants and children.

The regularity of meals has much to do with ease and profit in the management of a large farm. A late breakfast disturbs the temper of the farmer, makes laborers cross and uneasy; an hour lost by a late dinner deranges the plans of the whole day, and often costs the value of several days' work. For all this, the wife is too often held responsible, when the whole has been caused by disobedience to her commands—a boy has refused or neglected to get wood, or a servant to prepare the dinner in season, all because they were taught by example, not to respect the wife and to disobey her command, or the necessaries had not been provided.

In the second place, life, health and money are all lost often for the want of those little labor-saving conveniences, which, although their cost is contemptible, are in practice valuable. Says an agricultural friend, "I was in a farmer's house one night, where the wife and two daughters were plying their needles industriously by the dim light of a candle, the wick of which was frequently clipped by a pair of scissors, and yet this man owned six hundred acres of grazing land, and every inch paid for." I once called on an old friend, a man of education; his buildings were good, the farm of several hundred acres was inherited. The water was obtained from a well in the yard, the facilities for getting it were a rope, one end of which was tied to a post, the other to an old tin pan, literally. What was the discomfort and unnecessary labor in these two cases? How thoughtless and inhuman were these rich farmers?

We have known on some Western farms, when fire-wood was wanted, a tree to be hauled whole to the house, and then another, and so on, giving the wife green wood to kindle the fire with, and to keep it burning. Yet she was expected to be as prompt as a clock with the meals. There are thousands of farms in New England where the water is obtained from springs and wells, at a great distance from the house, and lugged there in buckets by the wife or daughters. How many thousands of miles have been travelled for this purpose without profit; how much sickness and fatigue have resulted from going for this water while heated from cooking over a hot fire, or steaming over the wash-tub; all of which could have been prevented by a few hours labor, and at very little expense or mechanical ingenuity. Let no farmer's daughter marry a man who is either thoughtless or negligent about labor-saving conveniences for the household, otherwise she will become a drudge or a slave.

The wife's labors and trials are often thoughtlessly and carelessly aggravated by unkindness and fault-finding. A child or some member of the family is sick, the wife is weary and worn down by watching and care, the affairs of the household become deranged, the table is not set so neatly, or food so well cooked as usual. These things become the subject of captious and harsh fault-finding, often by a too thoughtless husband. Often at times of nursing, wives are often not only broken of their rest, but by a cross and fretful child deprived of it altogether, while every other member of the family is lost in sleep profound, far removed from the room of the fretful child, and yet the wife must be up and get breakfast betimes. Let farmers think of and contrive to relieve these trials by obtaining sufficient help for their wives in time of need, or lend themselves a helping hand; for they know when short of health on the farm, how the crops waste, how distracting cares and harrassement prey upon the mind and health. Loss of sleep predisposes to aberration of the mind.

Farmers, let not your wives' love of your approbation, their devotion to your interest, health, comfort, and respectability, blind you to their over work. We know a farmer who has a large farm and a family of nine small children, whose wife does the whole work of the house, of the dairy, and makes and mends all the children's clothes, and her own. But a few years ago she was youthful and vivacious, blooming in health and beauty. Already the wrinkles of age are marked upon her brow, and her withering features should admonish her thoughtless husband of this voluntary over-work, and to save his wife's life and health. This over devoted wife and mother has not a single labor-saving machine, or any of the ordinary domestic conveniences. Such a wife as this is worth spending a few hundred dollars for in labor-saving machines and little conveniences, in order, that by relieving her labors, her health, buoyant spirits, and beauty, may be restored, and her life and usefulness be prolonged. Farmers are often too thoughtless about the effects of overwork, either done by themselves or their dependents. Short and miserable lives are the consequences. More work with the head, and less with the hands, is what is wanted.

Therefore, we say, farmers, you have to relieve yourselves, every labor saving convenience, from the cornhusker and seed planter, to the mowing, reaping, and threshing machine with stacker; therefore, from motives of economy, if you are moved by no higher considerations, let your wives have every good labor saving machine, from a clothes wringer and bread kneader, to a knitting and sewing machine. Let good dry wood be always handy, and never let your wives, daughters, or female servants, go outdoors from a hot fire, or from steaming and sweating over a wash-tub, to draw and bring in water or wood.

A healthy and beautiful wife of a friend of ours, intelligent and dutiful, and not above being a helpmate, or doing her part of all domestic duties, though able to live without work, went from her washtub lately, to hang out some clothes, and died from a chill she took within sixteen hours. So dangerous is exposure when washing, even to a draft of cold air—as sitting to take breath at an open window.

It is often said that farmers' wives become biggotted and narrow minded; so would all their husbands and all men, were they constantly confined to the house, seldom leaving it in many instances, except to attend church. Farmers, remember that your wives are social, intellectual beings, and if you would preserve their beauty, taste, and vivacity, and have developed their social and mental powers, take them out to a good social ride now and then. Let them see the world and mingle in it, have reading and amusement, and then these uncharitable remarks will cease. Both you and they will be the better, richer, and smarter for it. The cultivation of social habits produces mental and physical strength, and better and more agreeable business manners, and remember also, that woman is naturally neat, tidy and tasteful in all that pertains to her; therefore, gratify these refining and elevating instincts of woman's better nature. It is your duty and your interest, and should be your pride and highest pleasure to sympathize with your wives in the cultivation of these instincts, and willingly to grant her the necessary means. No money is better spent on the farm, than that which enables the wife to make herself, her children, and her husband and house, appear fully up to their condition in life. Ragged clothes and soiled dresses worn to school or at home by boys or girls, degrade them in their own estimation; this no true mother can bear, or will usually permit, and being refused the means to gratify her just and natural taste in this respect by a niggardly husband with abundant means, is among the heavy trials of many a farmer's wife, which ought to be relieved, or her husband be treated with merited contempt; finally, remember that your wives are women, subject to all the peculiarities of the constitution of their sex; therefore, bear these peculiarities with patience and kindly sympathy as if unnoticed, for the time will soon come again, when by the laws of the same constitution, your patience and kindness will all be repaid with that lavish interest prompted by woman's heart.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

RECIPTS.

Syrups are much more extensively used in Europe than in our own country. This is to be regretted. The addition of a few tablespoonfuls of a good fruit syrup to a glass of iced-water, or soda water, produces a refreshing summer beverage.

Raspberry Syrup.—One pint of juice, two pounds of sugar. Choose the fruit either red or white, mash it in a pan, and put it in a warm place for two or three days, or until the fermentation has commenced. All mucilaginous fruits require this, or the syrup would jelly after it is bottled. Filter the juice through a flannel bag, add the sugar in powder, place in the bain-marie, and stir it until dissolved; take it off, let it get cold, take off the scum, and bottle it.

Currant Syrup.—One pint of juice, two pounds of sugar. Mix together three pounds of currants, half white and half red, one pound of raspberries, and one pound of cherries, without the stones; mash the fruit and let it stand in a warm place for three or four days, keeping it covered with a coarse cloth or piece of paper with holes pricked in it to keep out any dust or dirt. Filter the juice, add the sugar in powder, finish in the bain-marie, and skim it. When cold, put it into bottles, fill them, and cork well.

Blackberry Wine.—Cover the fruit with boiling water; when sufficiently cool, bruise the fruit, and let it stand until the berries begin to rise to the top, then drain off the clear liquor; measure, and add to every gallon two pounds of sugar; stir it well, and let it stand open a week or ten days, then draw off the wine, and pass it through a jelly bag. Dissolve in a little of the wine half an ounce of isinglass to every three gallons, and mix it through the wine; if not quite clear, filter before bottling.

Apricot Jam.—Let the fruit be just in maturity, but not over ripe. Remove the skins, then cut the apricots in halves. Crack the stones, take out the kernels, bleach them in boiling water, and then pound them in a mortar. Boil the broken stones, skins, and parings, in double the quantity of water required for the jam. Reduce it in the boiling to one half of its original quantity. Turn strain it through a jelly bag. To each pound of prepared apricots put a quarter of a pint of this juice, a pound of sifted loaf sugar, and the pounded kernels. Put it on the fire, which should be brisk, and stir the whole with a wooden spoon until it is of a nice consistence, but without being very stiff, or it would have a bad flavor. Put it immediately into pots, and let these stand uncovered during twenty-four hours. Then strew a little sifted sugar over the upper surface of the jam in each pot, and tie egged paper over each pot, and on the paper write "Apricot jam."

Red Gooseberry Jam.—Take the eyes and tails from a quantity of red, hairy gooseberries, quite ripe, and put them into a preserving-pan with a half a pint of red currant juice to each half-a-dozen pounds. Let them boil until they are all broken and mashed, which you must aid with a wooden spatula. Then for every pound of gooseberries add a pound of sugar, sprinkling it over the fruit. Let the whole simmer until reduced to the proper consistence of jam, taking care that it does not burn during the operation. Then put it into pots.

Green-gage Jam.—To give this jam a more decided color, you may express the juice of the leaves of spinach, and add a sufficient quantity to the water in which the parings are boiled, to give it a green color. Some leave the skins, but this gives an unpleasant astringency to the jam. Proceed in all respects as directed for apricot jam, except that, instead of a pound, put eighteen ounces of sugar to every pound of fruit.

Magnum-bonum Jam.—This jam is obtained from the magnum-bonum plum, which must be pared and divided in the same manner as the green-gages, the skin being carefully removed, and the stones broken. This should have a rich purple color, which is to be obtained by pounding a red beet-root, expressing its juice, and mixing it with the jam. In all other respects, operate as before directed.

Raspberry Jam.—Let the raspberries be thoroughly ripe. Mash them with a wooden spoon. To every pound of raspberries add a pound of sifted sugar. Boil this well together during half an hour, stirring it continually, lest it should burn. When of a good thickness, put it into pots, and proceed as before directed.

Soft Sugar Gingerbread.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, beaten together; one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, or one cup of sweet milk and two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, four eggs, nearly four cups of flour, ginger to taste.

A Nice Sponge Cake.—Two cupfuls of flour, two cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of essence of lemon; mix with milk to a thick batter, adding the cream of tartar and soda last. The same, with the addition of one cupful of butter and one of currants, will make an excellent plain cake.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 13, 9, 16, 15, is what a great many are.
My 24, 21, 24, 24, 25, 6, 27, is a girl's name.
My 10, 26, 22, 23, 27, 3, is what Ireland has been.
My 7, 5, 26, is a very useful article.
My 1, 3, 5, 4, is a boy's nickname.
My 27, 25, 24, 11, is a river in Africa.
My 27, 21, 14, 12, 3, 27, is a river in Russia.
My 17, 9, 18, 14, is a city in Italy.
My 6, 20, 24, 14, is part of a wagon.
My whole has caused quite an excitement in Europe. HAMILTON D. CARR.
Laurens, N. Y.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 1, 7, 10, 5, 4, 14, is to urge.
My 13, 9, 28, 27, is a musical instrument.
My 33, 30, 22, 26, is a garment.
My 2, 5, 33, 25, 3, 10, we all desire.
My 21, 17, 19, 27, is part of a building.
My 31, 39, is a pronoun.
My 6, 11, 13, 16, is a metal.
My 28, 3, 10, 5, 24, 36, is to give up.
My 8, 34, 35, 4, 27, is a small animal.
My 32, 15, 12, is a pronoun.
My 38, 1, 16, 25, 29, is a privilege.
My 33, 3, 36, 37, 23, 2, 20, is a period of time.
My whole were the last words of a distinguished American statesman. W. T. D.
New Plymouth, Ohio.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A drunken river.
A river of wind.
A city which makes you weary.
A city which commands a young lady to rise.
A river of dried fruit.
A sweet river.
A river much prized by young ladies.
A town with yellow shrubbery.
A mountain of darkness.
A country of grapes.
A town suitable for gluttons.
A squeamish town.
A land of coldness.
A town where woman would not stay.
A river which invites a young lady to look.
A country which orders a young lady to bring wine.
A vegetable river.
A strong smelling river.
A musical mountain.
The initials form the name of an excellent periodical. W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Question—Three men are to carry a stick of timber 12 feet long and of equal size from end to end. One man is to carry the bird end and two to carry the forward end with a lever. How far from the forward end must the lever be placed that each may sustain an equal portion of the weight? J. L. HERSEY.
Tuftenborough, N. H.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two boys wishing to amuse themselves by playing at snatch apple, took a string 4 feet long, and tied it to a hook in the ceiling of the room, 7 feet high, and attached an apple to the other end of the string. What distance must they stand from each other in order that the apple when put in motion may touch *each* of their mouths, they being just 4½ feet from the floor? WM. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMAS—Charming Forge, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. "I would rather be right than be President of the United States." RIDDLE—Valley, dick, tory, all. Valedictorial. DOUBLE REBUS—Grab, Alba, tall, tall, yes, stab, bill, Upson, rebuff, gaff. Gettysburg and Bull's Bluff.

Conundrums.

☞ This riddle is going the rounds of the English press: "Why was Eve the first Ritualistic convert?" Ans.—"Because she began by being Eve-angelical, and ended by taking to vestments."

☞ "What is the difference twixt a watch and a feddor bed, Sam?" "Donno—gin it up." "Because de tickin' of de watch is on the inside, and the tickin' of the bed is on the outside."

☞ Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel? Ans.—Because the fellows around him are tired.

☞ Were our first parents sugar-planters? Ans.—Yes, they raised Cain.

☞ A Leavenworth paper, in urging enlistment in a Kansas regiment about to be raised to fight the Indians, says: "The service will last for three or four months only, and will be a source of health, pleasure and profit to all who enlist.